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Beauty on Parade

A SERIES of PAINTINGS by
DAVID WRIGHT

Fearful Music

By Travis Hoke

I went round to the window, and I peeked in thru a crack.
Inside there was an old man laying flat upon his back.
I thought that he was sleeping; his hand hung to the floor.
*He didn't make a single sound, so I ain't gonna do it no more.**

NOBODY knew what was so contagious about "Ol' Man Mose" back in the late '30s—at least, nobody could explain. In some sardonic way, though, the song was catchy. Juke boxes ground it out, bobby-soxers hummed it; mystery or not, it was a smash hit.

It was mystery, and magic too, to a quartette of young Bostonians—Donna Wood, George Jackson, Ed Jones and Jimmy O'Brien. Their way of singing it took them to the top ranks of radio, stage and screen quartettes. "Ol' Man Mose" gave them their luck, they believed.

Now the survivor, Jimmy O'Brien, wonders whether the song really belonged in the category of "Cursed Melodies"—jinx songs believed by the superstitious to bring bad luck on those who come under their spell.

From Boston radio the quartette graduated to touring with Horace Heidt and his band. They got a new name, "Donna and her Don Juans." They became a permanent feature of Heidt's coast-to-coast radio show, "Pot o' Gold"; played themselves in a film of the same name. Always there was "Ol' Man Mose" in reserve.

Then the curse, if any, struck.

Ed Jones died in a sanitarium. George Jackson died in an Army camp of a stab wound in the chest. The FBI said it was suicide. Donna died of a heart attack. She was 29.

Jimmy O'Brien is inclined to put "Ol' Man Mose" in the "cursed" class because it led them to assured success just before death came.

There have been many "Cursed Melodies" in musical history—and not counting the Pied Piper of Hamelin's fictional tune. They range from popular ditties to a symphony. Each has been connected with actual fatalities, though only the superstitious would see anything malign in the music itself.

There was "O Gloomy Sunday" which, a decade ago, was blamed for 20 suicides in Budapest, Hungary, before the police forbade its sale. Its lyrics were no better and certainly no worse than those of a sentimental Broadway hit. Some people thought the tune sombre, especially after its sinister fame spread. Others thought it mawkish and undistinguished.

It was, then, the kind of thing that goes over big in cafes for a time, and that is where "O Gloomy Sunday's" morbid popularity began. A young carpenter, singing the song in the "Green Frog" cafe, shot himself, and the manager forbade the band to play it again.

The news spread and the wave of suicides set in. Seventeen young men and women, an old man and a 15-year-old girl killed themselves, leaving behind phonograph records of the song or notes quoting it.

Olga Kerekes, a popular performer, sang it to a weeping theatre audience, went to her dressing room and took poison. Then the Budapest police suppressed the song.

Scientists deny that there was anything supernatural about the suicides. They were an example of mass hysteria, say psychologists.

A year later Victor Kolar, orchestra conductor, refused to direct Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony, in Detroit, Mich., for Olga Fricker, the dancer. The Pathetique was cursed, he said.

"I have played that symphony 15 times," he went on, "and each time someone, usually a friend, died.

"Tschaikowsky himself died, of cholera, right after he had conducted the first performance of his composition. Ossip Gabrilovitch, who was present at Pathetique's premiere, died of the same ailment right after he conducted the Sixth in New York three years ago. Then, when I was directing the New York Symphony under Walter Damrosch, the first of my 15 friends died. Now, nothing can influence me to play it."

A whole opera has been banned as cursed and rarely, if ever, played since—Jacques Halevy's "Charles VI." Eugene Massol, a French tenor, wrote the libretto and played the leading role when it opened in Paris midway of the last century.

The first three nights, when Massol sang his aria, "O God Kill Him," some one in the theatre dropped dead—a stagehand, a boxholder, the orchestra conductor. Massol discontinued the performances.

Nine years later Napoleon III ordered the opera revived and commanded Massol to resume his old role. At curtain time came an order cancelling the performance. An anarchist had attacked the Imperial coach and, though Napoleon escaped, 56 people had been killed.

The last composition to deserve the stigma of cursed, it would seem, is the popular Barcarolle from "The Tales of Hoffmann."

Yet it has been so styled on opposite sides of the earth.

Some 900 people were burned to death in the Vienna opera house the night of its premiere. It was barred in China because, said the Chinese, it had driven the Empress crazy and caused the Revolution of 1912.

Scientists consider the fatalities blamed on "cursed" songs as coincidences. Jimmy O'Brien isn't so sure. He thinks there's some mystery about "Ol' Man Mose," at least.

He doesn't sing "Ol' Man Mose" any more, doesn't want to hear it.

"We used to wonder why people thought it was funny," he says. "I guess it wasn't funny, after all."

When Eugene Massol, a French Tenor, Sang the Aria "O God Kill Him," From Halevy's "Charles VI," and Pointed at a Stage Box a Man Fell Dead as His Terrified Wife Watched. On the First Three Nights, Three Men Died. The Opera Was Discontinued.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

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YULETIDE WOES OF THE *Genial Jeweler*

TO A MAN with several million dollars invested in salable jewelry, the Christmas season has exceptional charm. The clang of the cash register sounds as sweet to Harry S. Fischer as the tinkle of sleigh bells in the snow or the limpid lilt of the carolers.

Nevertheless Harry has developed a haunting allergy to Noel. On three successive Yuletides old Kris Kringle's sack was packed with trouble. Woman trouble, and right now he's in it up to his second chin.

Perlita—the Girl of the Flowers — Was Harry S. Fischer's Third Unlucky Present in as Many Christmases. Now the Millionaire Fifth Avenue Jeweler Refuses to Give Her a Paltry $500,000 Because, He Says, She Wasn't His Wife at All.

The initial outbreak wasn't very serious—just a hint of what was in store. Harry, who has a big jewelry establishment on New York's Fifth Avenue, had dropped into a night club with a lady friend. Who should be there also but his ex-wife, Christine, an erstwhile embellishment of the Follies. She was with Hamlin F. Andrus, a collector of gilt-edged securities.

The proximity annoyed Christine. She pitched a demi-tasse at her ex-husband's companion. It missed and hit the headwaiter. When Andrus registered a mild objection she tossed a hefty slug of champagne at him without bothering to remove it from the glass. The resulting commotion was hardly the sort of imbroglio in which a conservative gem merchant likes to find himself, and it added very little to the spirit of Christmas.

That was in 1940. On Christmas Eve, 1941, the genial jeweler, just rounding 50, was entertaining again. His taste in feminine beauty is just as flawless as his finest diamonds, and this time his guest was Olga Chechila, a fetching but fiery young woman of Russian descent.

Dinner was being served in Harry's penthouse apartment. Peace pervaded the room with the scent of the tinseled hemlock, but suddenly, in the midst of the soft candlelight, Olga saw stars. They appeared, she explained later in court, when Harry punched her in the eye after she had patted his cheek.

She charged him with assault and said he had taken a $1,000 bill with which she intended to pay off a mortgage. He charged her with assault and said she refused to return a $3,200 diamond ring. Of course she wouldn't return it, Olga said, since it was a Christmas present, and besides, her eye hurt, and besides, she spent three days in a hospital.

The lawyers got together on that one, and the whole matter was dropped. Harry went on about his business, earning, so it was said, about a million dollars a year. He took a trip to Florida and was introduced to a dimpled Argentine musical comedy star named Perlita Greco, but called, much more colorfully, "La Muchacha de las Flores"—the Girl of the Flowers.

Harry might have saved himself a lot of woe if he had taken another look at the calendar. It was the day after Christmas, 1942. But with never a qualm he wooed and won his flower girl and the other day she sued him for a separation plus $60,000 a year temporary alimony, plus $100,000 counsel fees, plus $250,000 for the alleged loss of some treasured knickknacks.

That sort of a bouquet has a pungent odor, even to a million-dollar-a-year man. Harry saw his lawyer, Daniel A. Shirk, who arched his eyebrows in a series of legalistic queries.

Did La Muchacha claim he was married to her? If so, where and when did the ceremony occur? Who solemnized the marriage? What were the names of the witnesses? Who issued the marriage license? Who recorded it?

The questions seemed to be in line with a theory which Lawyer Shirk said he had expounded to his client—that Perlita might claim a common law marriage, which could be recognized in Florida but which has had no legal status in New York State since 1933.

If the Girl of the Flowers had any such idea, she didn't make it apparent in her reply. Harry and she, her affidavit said, were married "in or about the month of February, 1943," at the Fischer home in Miami Beach. They stayed there for a while, she said, and then moved to New York, where they occupied a duplex apartment in Manhattan and a house in near-by Rye. The Rye estate was called, with proper sentiment, La Perlita.

"Since our marriage," she said, "I have conducted myself as a faithful and obedient wife, but my husband expelled me from both homes on January 17, 1947, and has refused to permit me to return. Since then he has failed to provide for me, although he owns property valued at $10,000,000 and has an annual income of $1,000,000."

Perlita was very specific about the various sums she requested in her suit. The $60,000 a year, of course, was to keep her in the style to which she was accustomed. One $100,000 was for her attorneys, Samuel R. Weltz and former Supreme Court Justice William F. Bleakley. The other hundred thousand was to recompense her for a diamond necklace "consisting of three strands of square-cut diamonds in the front, each strand containing 32 square diamonds, three rows of baguettes, one strand in the back consisting of 60 square-cut diamonds and four bars of baguettes on the back of each bow."

This little item, she said, she had entrusted to Harry to have it appraised, but instead he put it in the showcase of his jewelry store.

Then there was $50,000 worth of rugs, furniture, silverware, chinaware, lamps, linen, grand piano and such in the apartment, and $100,000 worth of similar trivia in the country home, all of which Perlita said belonged to her but was being taken away from her.

Harry's answer was equally specific: Could Perlita show title to any of these things?

His request for a bill of particulars was even more probing than that. It asked her to tell in detail how she ever came into possession of the necklace, the house furnishings and all the other objects the loss of which was so disturbing to her.

He wants to know whether she bought them and if so, where did she get the money, from whom did she buy them, where and when? Or were they gifts, and if so, who gave them to her and under what circumstances?

It looked as though the flower girl were going to have to cultivate her garden of memory extensively.

After the preliminary skirmishes were out of the way, Harry let loose with his atomic bomb.

At the time Perlita claimed they were married, he charged, she already was married to another man.

Then he retired to his trenches, hoping, it might be presumed, that he would be out of them by Christmas.

Happy Example of Mathilde McCormick

IN A darkened room in a Los Angeles hospital, a patient who was approaching the end was thinking her last thoughts.

The distant rumble of traffic failed to disturb Mathilde McCormick Oser any more than the opposition of her family and the caustic comments of a cynical world had bothered her almost a quarter of a century before when she faced another crisis.

Calmly, serenely, with magnificent disdain for the dictates imposed by two of the world's greatest fortunes, she had outraged society by marrying a Swiss riding master two and a half times her age.

Looking back now, she could see that her defiance of convention might well have given her brother and sister the courage to enter into marriages almost as surprising as her own.

From a childhood that had offered little except the creature comforts of wealth, she had carved a blessed obscurity, a cherished domesticity and happiness. At 42, widowed but secure in the love of two adoring children, Mathilde Oser was content.

Mathilde was the youngest of the three children of Harold Fowler McCormick and Edith Rockefeller McCormick.

On one side, through Grandfather Cyrus McCormick, there were many millions. On the other, through Grandfather John D. Rockefeller, there was an even greater fortune.

Harold and Edith, never too compatable, remained married 26 years before she got a divorce. While the household was breaking up, Mathilde was going to school in Switzerland.

She was 15 then and learning how to ride. Her instructor was Max Oser, an army officer and an accomplished artist who was proprietor of a riding academy. He was 43, polished, aloof.

Mathilde returned home and announced she was in love with Oser. The whole family was shocked. They managed to postpone the marriage for three years, but in the end she had her way.

She and Oser were married secretly in April, 1923, in Lewisham, a London suburb, with only her father present to give his blessing.

Mathilde settled in a beautiful chalet on romantic Lake Morgs, near Geneva.

McCormick went back to Chicago to get into the sort of complications that critics had predicted for his daughter.

There was a friendship with Mrs. Rhoda Tanner Doubleday which cost him $100,000 in settlement of a $1,500,000 breach-of-promise suit.

Mrs. Olive Randolph Colby sued him for $2,000,000 but took $12,500. There was a marriage with Ganna Walska and a fortune spent in a futile attempt to make her an opera star.

There was a third marriage, three years before he died in 1941, to his nurse, Adah Wilson, to whom he left $7,500,000.

All this time Mathilde had been living quietly with her mature and considerate husband, bearing him a son and a daughter, effecting a reconciliation with her mother and with old John D.

Mathilde's tranquility with a mate so much older may have impressed her brother, Fowler, who became 1931's Bridegroom of the Year.

He married Fifi Potter Stillman immediately after her divorce from James A. Stillman, multimillionaire New York banker. Stillman had charged, though unsuccessfully, that their youngest son actually was the offspring of a Canadian guide.

Fifi was 51 and her bridegroom, 19 years her junior, had been a school chum of her oldest boy. Few were willing to concede them much chance of success but they're still happily married.

A few months later Muriel, the second McCormick child, made her contribution to the succession of unusual marriages. She had been on the stage and had organized a society Playhouse at Palm Beach.

The closest she had come to marriage was to announce that Lieut. George A. McKinlock Jr., who was killed in World War I, was her "astral bridegroom," although she had never seen him.

That fall of 1931 she became the bride of Major Elisha D. Hubbard of Middletown, Conn., who was 53. She was 29.

Major Hubbard lived only four years after his marriage. Muriel, who mourned him too deeply to consider another husband, adopted a daughter, now 13, and a son, now 10, but lost their custody to her brother when she joined the Women's Army Corps. She has been suing for three years to get them back.

Mathilde's 19 years of marital felicity came to an end in 1942, when Max Oser died in his Swiss chalet. Her daughter, Anita, was 18, and her son, Peter, was three years younger.

She had thought they would grow up as Swiss citizens, but this changed everything. As soon as wartime conditions allowed, she returned to America and took a house at Redondo Beach, Calif.

Chicago's Gold Coast would have welcomed Mathilde as one of its own, but she wanted none of that. Anita and Peter entered Pomona College and their lives became her life. In her will she left them everything.

She went to Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles a few weeks ago for an operation. It wasn't serious, but complications arose, to bring death to a woman who had sufficient courage to blaze her own path to happiness.

When 15-Year-Old Mathilde McCormick, Granddaughter of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., Decided to Marry a Swiss Riding Master Two and a Half Times Her Age, All Chicago Was Shocked. But It Turned Out to Be a Pattern for Happiness.

Illustrated by DAVID ATTIE

By Gene Coughlin

Heartbreaks OF

Anthony Brady Had Millions and His Sons Married Women of Indisputable Social Standing, but a Tragic Fate Kept All Three From Reaching the High Station They So Eagerly Sought.

ANTHONY N. BRADY should have been a reasonably happy man. He had a hundred million dollars, good health, the respect and admiration of the country's leaders in finance and industry.

These assets, plus the fact that he was the father of two promising sons, should have brought peace and tranquillity to the capitalist, but they didn't.

Just as Caruso of the golden voice yearned to be a chef, and Gene Tunney would have traded his heavyweight boxing crown to be able to write something like Shakespeare, Anthony Brady wanted to swap his preferred rating in Dun & Bradstreet for a modest listing in the Social Register.

Nearly every day he sat with directors of banks, railroads, subways and utilities and smiled as they hastened to chorus, "Yes sir, Mr. Brady," or "You're absolutely right, Mr. Brady. You always are."

Nearly every night, after these meetings, he would frown and remind himself that the wives of these same directors were busy with their social secretaries, sending out invitations to the elite of New York's society and—nine times out of ten—the name of Anthony N. Brady didn't appear on the list.

At such times he would concede that membership in the 400 was never to be his. But there remained his sons, Nicholas and James; and if wealth and careful upbringing and management could do it, there would be a Brady prominent in the inner circle of society for generations to come!

Nicholas and Jim, the Brady entry in the Society Sweepstakes, went to the post, via Yale. And the race developed into a series of tragedies, the first of which was a contributing cause of the death of doughty Anthony N. Brady; still unrepresented in the inner sanctum of society.

The Brady entry was cut in half early in the running. Nicholas married comely Genevieve Garvan of a fine Hartford, Conn., family and Brady Sr., had high hopes—until it became evident she was more inclined religiously than socially, and really didn't care whether she was invited to any parties unless they were to raise funds for missions or charities.

Anthony Brady sighed and concentrated on son James Cox Brady.

Jim had made a mild bid for recognition at Yale, Class of '04.

He had received two votes from his classmates as "the man most likely to succeed," losing the nomination by 74 ballots.

HIS stock went up immeasureably in March, 1905, however, when he married beautiful Elizabeth Hamilton, daughter of the Andrew Hamiltons of Thurlow Terrace, Albany. She didn't have to knock on Society's doors; when Society heard the brisk tapping of her heels on the walk, the doors swung open.

Brady senior, in his happiness, provided the couple with a town house on Fifth Avenue, a leisurely honeymoon, and a sprawling country estate at Peapack, N. J.

The country home was christened "Hamilton Farms," the bride's name being to the select summer colony what the bridegroom's name was to Wall Street.

Anthony Brady waited impatiently for the end of the honeymoon and the start of the swirl of

Anthony N. Brady died in London a year after the fatal train wreck. At that time, prizefight promoters were seeking a "white hope" to wrest the heavyweight title from the skillful Negro, Jack Johnson, and the phrase was on his mind a few days before his death.

"She was the white hope," he sighed.

James Cox Brady, after the deaths of his wife and his father, plunged into a vigorous routine of horseback riding, yachting and wine-testing.

The latter avocation took him back to England, where he met Lady Victoria May Pery, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Limerick.

It was a case of love at first, or second, sight. Jim Brady had $50,000,000 from his father's estate, a zest for life and, quite probably, a desire to carry on old Anthony's ambition and bolster the name of Brady, in the old and the new worlds.

The Lady Victoria had a pert, almost a pug, nose, deep set brooding eyes—and a title.

The Earl, her father, owned Dunmore castle and surrounding acres which, for the paltry sum of a few hundred thousand American dollars, could be restored to its original beauty, and security, where finance was concerned.

They were married on Oct. 14, 1914, at the Monmouth Beach, N. J., estate of the bridegroom's brother, Nicholas.

Jim outlined his pretentious plans for the approaching social season in New York and Florida.

The DREAMS of ANTHONY BRADY

balls and operas, but he suffered a mild setback when the bride explained:

"There's plenty of time for all that. I will lead Jim on a merry chase through the gilded halls in due time. Right now, I think we should consider the future of the family. You want to perpetuate the Brady name, don't you?"

Brady Senior swallowed his disappointment and said certainly, there was plenty of time. The Nicholas Bradys had given him no grandchildren.

THE James Cox Bradys did—three of them—and Elizabeth announced, seven years after the marriage, that the future seemed secure and it was time to concentrate on her career as a matronly socialite.

Then the first tragedy struck. Patrick Garvan, head of the Garvan family in Hartford, died, and the Brady clan left New York for the funeral. On the return trip, the New Haven's "Springfield Express" was run in two sections.

The second section was derailed, and the Pullman cars set afire near Westport, Conn.

One of those burned to death was Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton Brady.

Anthony Brady, traveling in the first section with other members of the party, collapsed when they told him, in New York, what had happened.

In addition to his paternal feeling, he had envisioned his daughter-in-law as the future arbiter of society, sharing the judgment seat with the Whitneys, the Astors and the Vanderbilts—and she bearing the name of Brady!

Of course, his sons were left, but the old man was not disillusioned as to either their ability, or desire, to carry on his long-thwarted ambition.

"It will be a pushover," Jim explained. "Everybody will be wanting to meet Lady Brady."

"I'm not Lady Brady and I'm not going to be called that," the bride replied, firmly. "My name is Mrs. James Cox Brady—on both sides of the ocean."

"Well," Jim said, "we can still be active in society."

Mrs. James Cox Brady fixed her dark eyes on Anthony's son.

"Did you ever loop the loop in an airplane?" she asked, and James Brady, startled, nearly spilled his drink. He shook his head.

"Well, I have, darling," Victoria May said. "Not once, but five times in succession. It was wonderful. Gustav Hamel was the pilot and we did it over Hendon. I would like to do it again, and I would like to ride to hounds and sail and fence. But confidentially, I refuse to enthuse over a career as a society butterfly."

So Jim Brady sighed, and commissioned the new yacht, named the Victoria May, and, as one of his exhausted friends put it, "proceeded to relax all over—but at a killing pace."

When the United States entered World War I, James Cox Brady, then 36, was made chairman of the clubs committee, Federal Food Board, and one day in April, 1918, announced that 75,000 club members would observe wheatless Thursday the following week.

That same year, 1918, brought the death of Mrs. James Brady, nee Lady Victoria May Pery, at the age of 25. She died when the flu epidemic, which took so many lives, was at its height.

Illustrated by LARRY BRINKMAN

Jim Brady married for the third time two years later.

This time there was no thought of his father's social aspirations; no thoughts of titles or prestige, either.

This time it was for love, and love alone, he told himself.

Helen McMahon was a working girl in Flushing, L. I., when, in 1913, Fame pointed not a finger, but a camera at her beautiful face and figure. She won the title of "The Typical American Girl" in a newspaper contest—and her likeness was reproduced all over the United States.

WHEN or how she met James Cox Brady is not set forth in the records. However, in 1920, she sailed for Europe, chaperoned by her sister Florence and her aunt, Catherine Morrissey.

They were met in London by Jim and in October, 1920, Helen McMahon became Mrs. James Cox Brady III.

It was a surprise to everyone who knew them, especially to the Earl of Limerick, father of Mrs. Brady II.

"I, ah, was surprised when he invited me," the Earl said. "And completely dumbfounded when he informed me I was to be his best man. Most extraordinary."

However, the Earl conducted himself admirably as best man at the ceremony, performed in Westminster Cathedral.

The couple returned to New York to make their home on East 76th Street where, on Nov. 10, 1927, James Cox Brady died of pneumonia. He was 45 and, taking the consensus of estimates, he left a million dollars for every year he lived. As did his brother, Nicholas, who also failed to reach the 50 mark.

Mrs. Helen McMahon Brady was left a fourth of the estate outright, the remainder going to the five Brady children, two by her.

In addition, the widow was given two town houses in New York; the Villa Spontini in Paris; Hall Place, Bexley, Kent, England; Dixiana farm in Kentucky, and the steam yacht, Victoria May.

Nobody could ask for more or better weapons to use in the fight to force the inner barriers of high society; but still the Brady name seemed to keep exercising its jinx, and nothing happened to threaten the reigns of the Whitneys, Vanderbilts, Astors and other members of New York's "Old Guard."

At this point, had he lived, old Anthony N. Brady might have sighed:

"All my plans and efforts have been in vain."

To which Fate might have answered:

"YOU'RE wrong there, my friend. Watch me. There's nothing up my sleeve except a laugh, the last laugh."

After a lapse of five years, Mrs. Helen McMahon Brady married again, and today old Anthony's daughter-in-law is a crown princess in the court of New York society and holds court on equal terms with any of the famed names. But not, of course, as a Brady.

Her name is Mrs. Charles Suydam Cutting, which is to society what Ted Williams is to baseball. With the guidance of her hand, one or more of the five Brady grandchildren may yet carry the guidon of a Brady to the Park Avenue pinnacle of which old Anthony dreamed.

Next week, Unhappy Romances of Madcap Clara Ward.

Tempting luncheon treat... Pabst-ett cheese souffle' puffs

Simple recipe for Pabst-ett Soufflé Puffs

6 round buns
3 eggs
1 pkg. Pabst-ett
Dash of pepper
Dash of paprika
12 slices broiled bacon
Parsley

Split the buns in half and toast all halves. Beat the egg yolks. Melt the Pabst-ett in the top of a double boiler, and gradually add it to the beaten yolks. Add the pepper and paprika, and fold this mixture into the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pile lightly on the bun halves and bake in a moderate oven, 325°, until puffy and golden brown. Top each with a slice of broiled bacon and serve immediately, garnished with parsley.

You'll puff with pride at the compliments you get on Pabst-ett Puffs . . . and, of course, Puffs are just one of a hundred or more ways to serve this delicious Cheddar Cheese Food! Pabst-ett *spreads, slices, melts* to smooth perfection—so it's just grand for *all* occasions. Try adding Pabst-ett's mellow cheddar flavor to salads, sauces and omelets . . . serve it as a party treat in tasty sandwiches and snacks. Pabst-ett is a great favorite with children . . . easy to digest, wonderfully nourishing. Look for the round, yellow package!

(Also try Pimento Pabst-ett cheese food in the round, red package)

Other fine Phenix foods to brighten summer menus!

With gay garden salads, serve strips of Phenix Process American Cheese

For simple summer snacks, Phenix Cheese Spreads—7 tempting kinds!

When the gang drops in, slice into a handy 2-lb. Tasty Loaf cheese food

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'TAKE A LETTER, CAPTAIN'

By William J. Joyce

I AM employed as a secretary at a girls' business school in Boston that is owned and operated by a woman.

My boss is Mrs. Edina Campbell-Dover, president of the Hickox Business School. I take her dictation, type her correspondence, make appointments for her, run her errands, tidy her office, and try to keep her business schedule running smoothly from 8:30 to 5:30, five days a week.

Despite the fact that some people lift eyebrows and smile at the duties of a man secretary to a woman boss, I enjoy working for Mrs. Dover and the other women at our school. My wife is proud of my job, too.

Two years ago, when I came out of the Army after serving overseas during seven major campaigns, I never dreamed that I'd turn out to be a woman's secretary.

Like thousands of other veterans, I was on a mental picket fence. There I was, a 26-year-old, six-foot-two ex-Army captain with a young bride to support. I had everything to be proud of, except a job.

I thought about the old jobs I had held before enlisting five years previously. But, to me, none of these jobs seemed to hold much promise to a career.

I wanted to get into something that might eventually lead to an executive position. Maybe being a captain had given me an executive complex.

I went to see Mrs. Dover, who had taught me all I knew about secretarial work before the war, hoping that she could straighten me out.

With the Horatio Alger legend in my mind, I told her that I wanted a job that would teach me all the secrets of a business career.

"Then you must become the secretary to a company executive," she advised. To my surprise, she offered me a job as her personal secretary and I jumped at the offer.

But the first morning I arrived at work, I began to change my mind about the job.

There I was, a captain who had led his men in the invasion of North Africa, and through the battles for Tunis, Naples, Sicily, Rome, Southern France and the Rhineland, taking notes from my woman boss.

Then, at 10:30, Mrs. Dover sent me out to get coffee. When I got back, I had to sharpen her pencils, empty her wastebasket, and do all the menial errands that had been done for me during the war.

To add to my dilemma, there were more than 200 attractive young girl students at the school, whom—I quickly learned—can keep a lone male secretary on his toes. For a single fellow, the atmosphere would be wonderful. But I'm married.

Mrs. Dover must have sensed my uneasiness, because she asked me if I wanted to continue my career. For a moment, I was undecided.

Then I thought of the Army and of the time when I was in charge of a court-martial. A man was being tried for a major offense. His life depended upon the decisions made by the officers hearing his case. The officers depended in great measure on the stenographic records. Remembering the efficiency of the uniformed secretary gave me determination.

I had learned that you've got to be able to take it in the Army, but here I was crabbing to myself about a job that held great promise.

The Captain Had Led Troops in North Africa. Then He Became Secretary to a Woman Executive and Learned How to Refuse Pretty Blondes. That Required Another Kind of Courage and Good Judgment.

I told Mrs. Dover I was sticking.

From then on, I set my heart to the task. Mrs. Dover taught me the ropes of an ideal secretary quicker than I expected.

I learned that a good secretary has to be completely loyal, even tempered, capable of taking responsibility, able to make decisions when the boss isn't around, and possess the ability of serving women without being subservient. I learned that you've got to anticipate your boss's every wish.

One day a man came to the school and insisted on seeing Mrs. Dover. I told him that she was in conference. Nevertheless, he barged past me into her office. I followed him, and ordered him to leave. Angrily, the man departed.

Shortly afterward, Mrs. Dover informed me that the man was an old friend and associate. Before I could apologize, she placed her hand on my shoulder and said, "Mr. Joyce, you've learned the prime rule of a good secretary by keeping out visitors when your boss is busy."

Some time ago Mrs. Dover asked me to handle the job placement of students while she is away. Many of our clients have called upon us for years to provide them with stenographers and secretaries. Consequently, it was Mrs. Dover's policy to classify certain types of girls for employers.

So, when an exceptionally vivacious girl, who would have made a natural for the front office of a theatrical agency, asked to be recommended for employment as secretary to an elderly banker, I refused her. She threatened to see Mrs. Dover. I told her to go right ahead.

Meanwhile, I placed another girl who fitted the banker's qualifications more closely. Mrs. Dover commended me for my judgment.

Another girl at the school was having romantic problems. Mrs. Dover asked me to straighten out the situation. I persuaded one of our out-of-state clients to hire her as a stenographer.

She left for the job the next day. Several weeks later she wrote saying that time and distance had dispelled her infatuation, and that she was happy in her work.

The duties of a male secretary are varied and numerous, affording a man the opportunities and training necessary to become an executive.

A perfect example is former Secretary of State James M. Byrnes, who began as a male secretary and was the only representative at the United Nations conference to take his own notes.

Others are Howard S. Palmer, president of the New Haven R. R., and Alfred P. Sloan, president of General Motors. In fact, Julius Caesar was perhaps the world's first male secretary. History has it that he created his own form of shorthand.

★ ★ Illustrated by NORMAN MINGO ★ ★

Playboy Freddy Procter and His Sixth Wife Who Finally Convinced Him — Too Late — That Even a Rich Man Should Work.

STOCK SALES OF A *Birthright*

FREDERIC W. PROCTER was a man who wagered with death and won — by dying. His coup, which will mean $2,500,000 to his two children, was a bitter blow to two score of investors who bought shares in his birthright like stock on the Exchange and thereby bet $100,000 against $500,000 that he would survive his mother.

The chances looked good. Freddy had lived extravagantly but not recklessly. Six wives had failed to shatter his nerves. He was a tall, tanned athlete whose only worry seemed to be a lack of ready cash.

Wealth had always been dangled in front of Freddy, like a carrot before a static burro, but it never came quite within his reach. His mother was Lillian Sanford Procter, daughter of Harley T. Procter, who had amassed a sizable fortune. She married a Prussian who returned to the Fatherland to fight in World War I. For that she divorced him and resumed her maiden name. Freddy, who had been christened Fritz Wilhelm Hoeninghaus, was renamed Frederic William Procter.

When Harley Procter died in 1920, he left three trust funds, currently worth about $2,500,000. His will provided that his daughter was to receive the income and that on her death, if her son survived her, he was to have the entire estate to dispose of as he wished. If the son predeceased her, the estate was to go to his children.

When Freddy was a young man, his mother's generosity always provided him with plenty of money to spend. He eloped with a girl when he was 17, but his mother caused the marriage to be annulled and the bride faded into the background.

In 1922 he married Marjorie Easton Woodhouse, who bore him a son, Frederic, Jr., and a daughter, Patricia. She divorced him in Paris in 1927, married Carter Leidy, the former husband of Fifi Widener, and was later killed in an auto accident.

Elizabeth Laing Foss was the third Mrs. Procter from 1927 to 1930, and the fourth was Dorothy Stokes, a chorus girl who became a hat shop proprietor. When she sued for divorce in 1936, and threatened to attach Freddy's prospective inheritance, he and his mother's attorneys computed all the money and other gifts he had received from his fond parent since he was 21.

The figure was set at $650,000, and Freddy gave his mother notes for that amount, pledging his eventual right to the trust funds. That induced Dorothy to accept a cash settlement.

Not long after he had married Ivis Goulding (sister of Edmund Goulding, movie producer) in Cannes in 1937, Freddy met Harriet Harriman, who had been the second of Oliver Carley Harriman's three wives. He decided Harriet was the love of his life, but Ivis refused to let him go.

She hastened to the United States and conferred with the dowager Mrs. Procter, who thereupon summoned Freddy home.

There was a family row, as a result of which Mrs. Procter agreed to give her son $125 a week and released her grip on one of the three funds. In return Freddy relinquished his right to $450,000 of the fund, allowing his mother to dispose of that amount in her will. The remaining $300,000 in the fund would be his, but not until his mother died.

For a man accustomed to luxury, $125 a week was a pittance. Freddy needed money badly and he hit upon the novel scheme of selling shares in what he might expect to receive. He began with the freed trust fund, offering $25,000 units of his $300,000 portion for $2,500 each.

Jack Goddard, the attorney to whom he went first, bought two shares, split them up and sold them to several investors, presumably at a profit. Leonard P. Levy of Philadelphia took six shares and also resold parts of them. Joseph L. Burd and Raymond E. Marquis of New York each took a share and Mary Simon of Newark acquired two and a half shares.

The odds were all in their favor. Mrs. Procter was 63 and had a life expectancy of 15 years. Freddy was 36, rugged, and should, according to the life insurance tables, live 34 years. If he lived one minute longer than his mother, the speculators would collect as much as ten times their investments.

As the competition became keener, and Mrs. Procter grew older, the bidding price went up. After disposing of the $300,000 block, Freddy sold shares in the other two trust funds, which he intended to keep intact. Purchasers were to be paid out of the interest.

He and Ivis were divorced in Miami in 1941 and then he married Harriet. He was still selling bits of his birthright but Harriet convinced him that he ought to get a job.

An accomplished pianist and composer, Freddy had appeared professionally for a short time, but that was about as close to work as he ever got. Whenever he had seriously considered earning a living, his mother had given him another yacht or racing car or suggested a year in Europe. Nevertheless, he became salesman for an engineering firm at $75 a week, and his real abilities began to emerge. In a short time he was earning $250 a week. It might not have seemed like much to a man who won $60,000 in the Irish Sweepstakes in 1933 and spent it in six months, but it was an excellent start.

At this point the elder Mrs. Procter demanded payment of the $650,000 worth of notes. He couldn't pay and the case went to trial. If she won, she could dispose of the two remaining trust funds in her will and Freddy would be penniless.

The case was fought by Edmund W. Bokat, Freddy's lawyer, close friend and advisor, and Thomas Hart Fisher, Chicago attorney. The first round was lost and appealed. In the midst of the proceedings Freddy came down with leukemia, a rare blood disease, and died last Feb. 17 in a New York hospital.

He had won his gamble. He had had money while he could use it — money he couldn't have acquired any other way. Then his death had wiped the slate clean. His notes and agreements were only scraps of paper. The few plungers who had managed to insure his life for sums equal to their investments would get their money back, but that was all. Fred, Jr., an ex-GI looking for a job, and Patricia, a budding playright, would get their patrimony intact.

Miracle Golf

Claude Harmon Will Never Forget That Vital Putt.

The Duke of Windsor—His Golf Fell Short of His Personality.

By Jack Stone

WHEN your golf game gets under 70, you're good. Really good. Every stroke trimmed off from there on down is a major achievement. Should you sharpen up your game to the point where you actually shoot a 65 for 18 holes (and this is not too rare) you can throw out your chest and strut about a bit.

But did you ever, on a Grade A, 6,873-yard, well-trapped course, shoot a 60?

Claude Harmon did. He did it at the Seminole Golf Club in Florida in the spring. Two days before this "miracle" round of golf the best pros in the country had not been able to negotiate Seminole's tricky contours under 70. The day before, when amateurs teamed with pros, the best score had been 67.

Edward, Duke of Windsor, one of Harmon's pupils, was one of the amateurs, with an 18-stroke handicap. He and his partner, pro "Dutch" Harrison, drew a gallery which petered out on the sixth hole when the Duke's golf wasn't as colorful as his personality.

Harmon, when he entered golfdom's Hall of Fame the following day, played to no gallery. The pro of the Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck, N. Y., started out on a friendly "practice" round with Tony Penna, another pro, and two amateurs, Tom Shevlin and Dick Mays.

He got birdies on the first four holes and knew he was hot. He parred the fifth. His second shot on the sixth landed in a trap. When he exploded out three feet from the pin for a par he knew he was very hot indeed.

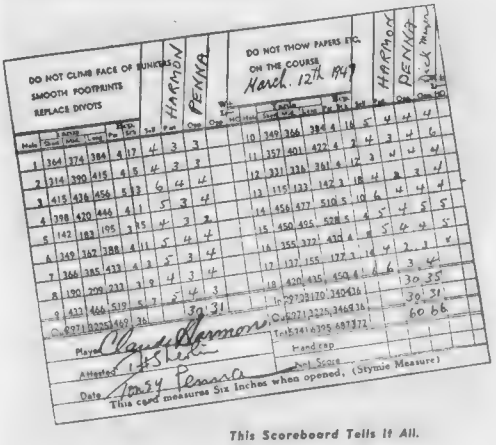
"From then on," related Harmon, "my whole soul was in every shot. I knew that if I could keep up the pace I was in for the greatest round of my career."

He birdied the seventh, parred the eighth, birdied the ninth, parred the tenth, birdied the 11th, parred the 12th, birdied the 13th, 14th and 15th, parred the 16th and birdied the 17th. On the 18th, a par four, his second shot lay 15 feet from the pin.

In a deep silence Harmon lined up the putt. He was perspiring and shaking. He sat down for five minutes until his nerves stopped dancing. Then he stepped up, took brief aim, and putted. The ball ran true to the cup, hesitated on the lip, and, while Harmon pushed the air, plumped in for the record 60—12 under par!

It will probably never happen to Harmon again. It most certainly, if you are the average golfer, will never happen to you. But it did happen once. So don't say:

"It can't be done!"



This Scoreboard Tells It All.

Hope For CANCER

By Roscoe R. Spencer, M. D.
Director National Cancer Institute U. S. Public Health Service

I HAVE been asked, "Is the hope of finding the medical cure of cancer brighter today than ever before?"

My answer is, "Absolutely yes."

Such optimism is based upon what has already been learned about cancer.

We know, now, that although cancer cells are derived from normal cells, they behave differently. If they are chemically different, there must be other chemicals (drugs) which will selectively affect, injure or destroy the cancer cells and not affect the normal cells of corresponding origin in the body. The high degree of selective effect of many chemicals is well known.

Chemotherapy—the treatment of disease by specific chemicals, exemplified by the administration of sulfa drugs and antibiotics, such as penicillin, which can destroy or inhibit the disease germs without injury to the patient—probably offers the most promising approach to the eventual cure of cancer. Equally important is the promise of the use of natural hormones (a hormone is a specific organic product of the cells) known to affect cell-division and growth.

But there is nothing simple about cancer. Its study is one of our most baffling scientific problems—of great importance because it is a world's killer of man. Progress is being made towards understanding the nature of cancer, leading to ways of prevention and successful therapy. But everybody should understand why this progress has been slow.

What makes cancer so tough to deal with is that, as far as is known, this disease seems to be due to the body's own derangement rather than to some exterior infectious agent.

I have called cancer an "autoparasite," that is a fragment of the body becomes the parasite that feeds upon the rest of the body. Cancer is a clump of cells that have gone wrong, in the sense that they live at the expense of the body, towards the well being of which they contribute nothing.

You want to know how it is that normal cells

THE substance from Trypanosoma cruzi germs (popularly called KR vaccine) mentioned by Dr. Spencer in the article here, has been prepared in a new way by Dr. William Malisoff, New York scientist, and used on cancerous mice.

In all treated mice, cancer growth was checked, in some the tumors dissolved.

Not until large amounts of the substance can be prepared and tried out experimentally can it be available for medical trial treatments, for all of which funds are needed.

Such work confirms one's hope that through research, supported by the public, cancer will be vanquished. —G. B. Lal.

A Mother Prayerfully Watches Her Child Being Treated by X-Ray Therapy in the Hope That She Will Not Have to Face Surgery.

CURE? Absolutely Yes!

turn into gangster cells? Your body consists of trillions of cells. The cell is the unit of life, a minute, inclosed, very complex and organized package of material. You began your life as a single cell. By the time you were born, your infant body consisted of 200,000,000,000 cells, and as you grew up the number increased.

The countless cells of your body are not all alike, either in structure, or chemical composition or function. They are divided into different groups—each with a specific task to perform for the maintenance of the body.

WITH their special tasks and special chemical and structural peculiarities, the trillions of cells keep the complex functions of the body going efficiently—until some trouble comes, from inside or outside.

Life is always in the midst of troubles, of circumstances that are adverse to life, to the organized existence of the trillions of body cells. For example, there may be chemical poisons, generated within the body or imbibed in food or drink or by inhalation, and radiations—such as ultra-violet rays, intense heat, X-rays, cosmic rays viruses, worms, other parasites or other irritations. Or, there may be partial starvation, or injury from cuts and burns.

A new environment, adverse or otherwise, results in the body changing itself in some way. If the adverse condition occurs for a limited time, or with interruptions, an adaptation that enables the whole body to survive may occur. If it per

CURE for cancer can be found. When? This depends on how much you contribute. Money is needed for research to hasten the day when cancer can be cured. You may donate any amount, no matter how small or how large.

These are the organizations that are engaged in the winning battle and deserve your help:

American Cancer Society, Inc., 47 Beaver Street, New York City.

Memorial Hospital, 444 East 68th Street, New York City.

Damon Runyon Fund, 235 East 45th Street, New York City.

National Cancer Foundation, 85 Franklin Street, New York City.

National Cancer Institute, Bethesda, Maryland (Government institution, depends on appropriations sustained by public opinion.)

sists, the survival might be jeopardized. Now, the key to cancer lies, I think, in the kind and degree of adaptation.

In order to meet the challenge of some cancer-causing chemical, like methylcholanthrene, a clump of the affected body cells adapts itself. The result is likely to be cancer. These cells become so changed that they multiply without control. They cease to be serviceable, functioning cells, and become entirely reproducing, self-breeding cells; that is, parasites on the rest of the body, which they ultimately destroy. While the cancer cells have their own way, increasing their population by leaps and bounds, it is at the expense of the body generally.

Dr. W. R. Earle, of our Institute, has been able to grow normal mouse cells in a laboratory flask, and then, by treating them with a cancer-causing chemical (20-methylcholanthrene) for different lengths of time has changed them into cancer cells having different characteristics according to the time treated. When implanted into the body of the mouse, they keep on growing as a tumor.

THIS experiment, if it can be repeated, will show that in cancer what really matters is the chemical and other changes within the cell itself, whatever may be the outside provocation. But all simple statements have to be taken with caution; cancer is a disease affecting the organization of the whole community of body cells—which makes it so baffling.

Now, in view of the varied conditions which induce the normal cells to turn into cancer cells, is it likely that a single cure for all forms of cancer would be found?

Our present evidence suggests that the circumstances which result in the cancer, say, of the skin may have no relationship to the circumstances that cause the cancer of the stomach or some other organ. Cancer of each type of cells has to be studied separately, as well as in the light of general principles.

It is believed now that different specific treatments will be needed for the variety of cancers. It may well be that when a remedy is found for one type of cancer, it will not be effective for another type of this disease.

On the other hand, there is the possibility that some method or substance may be found that will stop the growth of all types of cancer. Reasonable ground for such hope comes, particularly, from chemical studies of normal and cancer cells.

The chemical activity, metabolism, by which the cell maintains itself, grows or changes, is regulated by substances called enzymes. Enzyme studies conducted at the National Cancer Institute, by Dr. Jesse P. Greenstein—and described by him in his book, "Biochemistry of Cancer"—and others have shown that cancers of different organs, and even in different animal species (mice and men), are more nearly alike in their enzyme pattern than are the normal tissues in their enzyme mosaics.

The enzyme patterns of a cancer of the stomach and of a cancer of the liver are much more alike than the enzyme pattern of the normal stomach is like that of the normal liver.

The fact that cancers of all organs are chemically very much alike gives us hope that a type of chemical therapy which works with cancer of one organ will work with cancer of the other organs.

CHEMICALLY speaking, the tissues of the body seem to suffer a reversal of evolution. The adult cancerous cells become more and more like the primitive, undifferentiated and incessantly multiplying embryonic tissue cells. The greater the return to primitivism, the more malignant is the cancer. The rank of the human tissue is lowered to that of the humbler animal tissue.

This itself has importance, since a remedy against malignant mouse cancer is not unlikely to be effective against a comparable man cancer.

It has also been shown that the presence of cancer in one organ results in chemical changes in organs far removed from the cancer, and this gives hope of developing several chemical diagnostic tests for early cancer.

Dr. C. P. Rhoads of Memorial Hospital, Dr. Konrad, Dobriner and their associates have been studying the excretion of steroids in urine of presumably normal persons and of people with various types of cancer and with other diseases and are generally amassing data showing that there are specific patterns in various diseases.

Dr. M. J. Shear and associated scientists, at this Institute and other cancer research centers, have a systematic program of selecting, procuring and testing synthetic and natural drugs as possible destroyers of cancer in the living body.

For example, recently, Dr. Shear and his associates found that the extract of the root of the Mayapple or mandrake (Podophyllum), used by American Indians as a cathartic, breaks down tumors in mice on injection. Dr. R. Ormsbee at Memorial Hospital has reported similar action on cancer cells. Attempts are now being made to make this substance non-toxic and harmless but without loss of cancer-destroying potency. It is merely one of many chemicals which have shown some effect on cancer cells, and at this time, there is no reason to believe that it will be the cure for cancer.

Illustrated by STIRSON HARTWELL

[redacted]

Comparative research is now being carried on at the Lankenau Hospital in Philadelphia, by the National Cancer Institute and in the Division of Tropical Diseases of the National Institute of Health in which biotoxic substances obtained from a parasitic organism Trypanosoma cruzi, of a special strain procured from London, are being tested for their possible destructive effect on cancer in mice.

Far more promising and substantial, at present, is the treatment of certain types of cancer with hormones. Dr. Frank E. Adair, of the Memorial Hospital, New York, and Dr. I. T. Nathanson, of Boston, and other physicians have obtained unusual and dramatic beneficial results in some cases of cancer of the breast by treatment with male and female hormones.

REMISSION of the cancer of the prostate—and in a low percentage of men even five-year cures—have been obtained by treatment with female sex hormone. Dr. Charles Huggins, of Chicago, and other leaders in this development have shown a definite connection between the sex hormone, a particular enzyme and the change of normal prostatic tissue into cancer.

The balance of the hormones, related to growth or lack of growth of particular types of cancer, has also been altered by changing the diets of the animals. Dr. E. Tenenbaum's studies, at the Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago, particularly shows that being overweight favors a higher cancer rate in both men and women. In mouse experiments, underfeeding or feeding diets which are low in calories and in certain vitamins and amino acids has delayed or retarded cancer of the breast. Certain nutritionally well balanced and adequate diets, too, have been found to retard cancer in mice and rats.

Research is broadening to bring to light the hidden relationships between the chemicals of the genes (units of heredity), the enzymes of the cells, hormones, nutritive substances and other factors.

It all means that you have a right to hope that the cure for cancer (the present treatment being X-ray therapy or surgery) and methods of its early detection and prevention will be found. But you, as one aware of the tremendous difficulties involved in this effort, will have to contribute towards its success.

It is encouraging that, probably, due to earlier and better diagnosis—for which credit must be given to the American Cancer Society for its program of public education—and also to improved diagnosis and treatment, the death rates from cancer have dropped. During the past decade, cancer mortality in women, between the ages of 45 and 54, has decreased 12 per cent; and in men, between 45 and 64 years, by more than 3 per cent.

But there are 17,000,000 Americans living today who are doomed to die of cancer—unless a cure is discovered soon enough to save them. It is estimated that it may be necessary to devote tens of millions and possibly hundreds of millions of dollars over a long period of time to cancer research, if the war against cancer is to be won.

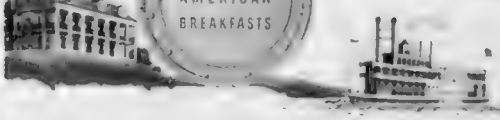
DURING the six years of World War II, we spent $317,000,000,000 for the shooting match. During the same period we spent only $2,000,000 on the war against cancer, and over 607,000 Americans died of this disease. We'll have to do better than we have in the past and contribute more and more if we are to conquer cancer!

In the march of science and medicine the moment has arrived to make the big attack against the disease. As Prof. Charles B. Huggins, of the University of Chicago, recently said, "All the money and scientists 100 years ago could not have solved the cancer problem, but the problem is overripe today. Sciences associated with medicine must be sufficiently developed that some sort of a logical attack can be made with expectations of reasonably good results."

The problem of curing advanced cancer is related to the wide problem of growth, the very essence of the process of life. When it is solved, our understanding of every phase of life would be fuller.

PLANTATION BREAKFAST

FAMOUS AMERICAN BREAKFASTS



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Ham, Gravy and Grits
Hot Biscuits **Honey** **Coffee**

Folks down Dixie way have their own traditional breakfast dishes, but they, too, start with everyone's favorite fresh California orange juice.

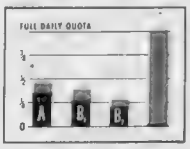
They know that without fresh orange juice even this hearty breakfast can't do the right job for family health. It falls short in vitamin C—the very vitamin authorities say you should get at breakfast. California orange juice fills that need as the charts show you. And what could be a brighter, more delicious start for the day!

SEE HOW MUCH HEALTH ORANGE JUICE ADDS!

Without fresh California orange juice, breakfast supplies this much of the day's vitamin needs:

Here are the vitamins you get from an average good American breakfast* *without orange juice.* It falls short in vitamin C. This is true of most foods. Yet you need C daily to fight fatigue and infection, protect teeth and gums, and keep feeling young

With fresh California orange juice, breakfast supplies this much of the day's vitamin needs:



Oranges are your richest everyday source of vitamin C. A big glass of juice fills your day's need and boosts other food values, too. That's why, big or little, all good American breakfasts start with fresh California orange juice. Yours should!

**cereal with milk, egg, toast and coffee*

You will be interested in our colorful new booklet, "Famous American Breakfasts." It is free, together with our popular orange recipe book. Write Sunkist, Dept. 1708, Los Angeles 55, California.

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California **Sunkist** *Oranges*

BEST FOR JUICE—*and Every use!*

Ford Empire In Women's Hands

By William Engle

THE mighty Ford empire is ruled today by two women and managed by a 29-year-old business genius.

Suddenly, from quiet ways of life, Clara Bryant Ford, 80, widow of Henry Ford, and Eleanor Clay Ford, 51, widow of his son, Edsel B. Ford, have been lifted to places of control in the Ford Motor Company. Their managing genius is Henry Ford II, grandson of the empire's founder.

Whatever may be the company's future, its immediate direction is, in many ways, in the widows' hands. No other women ever had such power in the production of worldly goods as these—the still vigorous elder Mrs. Ford, who is executrix of the Ford estate, and her active daughter-in-law, who in a short time will control the Ford company's voting stock.

What will they do with the power? Are they judicious, as their husbands were? These questions are stirring wide interest, and one statement is, in general, an answer to both.

They apparently have complete confidence in Eleanor Ford's son, Henry II, the active chief of the company; they'll undoubtedly support him in the policies he's been following since he took over the reins from his famous grandfather and became company president in 1945.

Some of these policies differ from those of the founder. Young Mr. Ford is intent upon the future. He believes in modern methods of management as well as of production. His chief interest is leadership of the so-called low-priced car field.

Already he has made changes in personnel. He has retired key employes and around him he has gathered executives of outstanding talent, chosen from other great competitive automobile builders.

These policies are likely to be continued. The young president's mother and grandmother agree with them. Already they have seen his business wisdom demonstrated and they have implicit faith in his judgment.

As soon as the company's voting stock is transferred, in compliance with the elder Mr. Ford's will, Eleanor Ford will have actual stock control. Mr. Ford, senior, gave his widow the family estate, Fairlane, in Dearborn, and his personal effects, but to his four grandchildren he passed on his controlling share of the voting stock in the company.

Their mother, Eleanor Ford, however, holding 12 per cent of the voting stock, also is trustee for the shares bequeathed to her daughter, Mrs. Josephine Buhl Ford (who married into another Ford family), and her son, William Clay Ford, they are not yet 25 years old, the age at which they will receive the stock. Mrs. Josephine Ford will be 25 in 1948; William C. Ford in 1950.

Each of the four grandchildren will own 21 per cent of the stock, Mrs. Henry Ford and Mrs. Edsel Ford holding the remainder.

When a final evaluation is reached in the Ford stock, both voting and non-voting, the wealth that came from the millions of Americans who bought Ford products will be returned to the people through the Ford Foundation.

All of the non-voting stock in the company eventually will rest in the hands of the foundation and be distributed through its charitable and scientific projects.

It is highly probable that the Ford Foundation will become the wealthiest public service institution.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Edsel Ford emerges with greatest strength—the control of the stock vote.

She, more than anyone else, wanted her son, Henry II., elevated to his place as company president. Those who know both well believe they'll have no disagreement now.

She won't be too easily swayed, however. She's not a babe in the woods of the business world. Throughout her married life, she had Edsel Ford's confidence, and just as the elder Henry Ford always consulted his wife, before making a decision, Edsel Ford consulted his.

For years, she's been a leader in the Community Fund and a director of Seeing Eye, Inc.; she is past president of Tau Beta, aiding underprivileged children, and a member of the Municipal Arts Commission, having charge of the City Art Museum.

Her social life has never been ostentatious, but she's found more pleasure in it than did the elder Fords. Her code has been a little less rigid than theirs, but not much, for she has always stood with them against cocktail parties.

Only once she almost broke their rule of teetotalism. She decided she'd have cocktails at a dinner which the elderly couple weren't attending.

"But at the last minute," she said recently, "I got to thinking: 'Suppose they drop in unexpectedly.' And I decided I couldn't go through with it."

For most of a lifetime, the elder Mrs. Ford shared her husband's responsibilities as confidante and advisor. In their youth, she dropped gasoline from a medicine dropper into the first engine he built in their humble kitchen. When he graduated to an old brick shop in Detroit, she sat beside him nights as he worked on the horseless carriage.

"She was always 'The Believer,'" he said.

"With her, he always came first," an intimate of the family said recently. "He told her of every big problem and talked over every big decision. Responsibility won't fluster her."

She will be the boss now at Greenfield Village, the museum of Americana, and the cares will be welcome. For years, she worked on the village with her husband.

Her varied charities will take time and she will keep on working to bring the interests of rural people and city people closer. She will continue active in the National Farm and Garden Association and perhaps even set another example of industry as she did when she invented an apple dryer, shipping to England a barrel of apples she'd peeled herself.

Berry College, in Georgia, will take some of her time; she endowed it, and has its Doctor of Humanities degree. She will keep up her interest in the rural nursing service in Kentucky which she established.

When her grandson, Henry II, took over the company presidency two years ago, a new managerial regime began to take form.

Apparently she is willing, as Mrs. Edsel Ford is willing, to let it develop.

Young Mr. Ford established his now famous policy committee, made up mostly of new executives, when he retired the elder Mr. Ford's aide-man, Harry Bennett, and about 150 others, owing their jobs to Bennett, were dropped, too, or resigned after being offered minor jobs.

Now, the policy committee, of a dozen members, meets daily around a luncheon table in the Ford Rotunda, with young Mr. Ford and 50-year-old Ernest R. Breech next in command as executive vice-president. There the intricate plans are made for the Ford management of the future. The two widows, [illegible] and the [illegible], are not [illegible] Henry II.

The Late Henry Ford and Mrs. Ford in His First "Gas Car," With Henry Ford II Standing By.

SWINNERTON'S DESERT

Signposts of the American Desert—The Saguaros Rise Like Painted Sticks Banked by Blooming Palo Verdes.

Here reigns a dumb, kingly silence deep
Companionship in stone austere.
The dignity of death is here,
The lone, long vastness of the deep
—Joaquin Miller

By John Sturdevant

SUN, sand and rocks—these make the Great American Desert, and 50 years ago no artist would have considered painting such a "barren" scene, much less admitting that there was any beauty to be found there.

To one artist alone there came the privilege of discovery and from his inspired palette there was born a new conception of one of this country's least known beauty spots.

His name is James Swinnerton and, like many great discoveries, his were made by accident.

THE story of that accidental discovery was summed up recently when Henry Clive, the distinguished illustrator, attended an exhibition of Mr. Swinnerton's paintings. He turned to Mrs. Swinnerton and said:

"No one ever painted the desert as your husband did, Gretchen."

"No one could love the desert like Jimmy," said Mrs. Swinnerton. "You see, it gave him his life."

Some 40 years ago, the desert gave Mr. Swinnerton a few months to live. He is the delineator of the cartoon characters, "Little Jimmy" and later the "Canyon Kids," forerunners of his artistic life. His good friend, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, who had recommended the desert for its recuperative powers, said that to its solitudes and insisted that Mr. Swinnerton hang with him—paints and brushes.

SKEPTICAL at first like most artists of that day, Mr. Swinnerton was thrilled by what he saw. To his trained eyes, the rocks were not just a mass of stone, but great cathedrals and wide arches rising arch upon arch and street upon street, a nave of immense blue.

The desert floor was more than a stretch of sand—it was a magnificent carpet studded with fascinating design—stunted trees, geometric shrubs and gay flowers, all breathtaking in their beauty and ever changing under a strong sun.

While he feasted on what he saw, Mr. Swinnerton brought to his canvases not only his experience as a colorist and draughtsman, but a dimension arising from his own suffering.

Never before had an American painter seen the desert under such circumstances. Unable there to die, his urge to create had to fight tuberculosis and won. To be his last testament. But as he lost himself in his work the desert, a good host, too, and soon he found himself completely well. He still lives out of doors most of the year. Its ideal climate—the warm sunny days and the cool nights—are regarded as a specific for Mr. Swinnerton the chronic cases of [illegible] to battle against.

Sunset on the Trail. Mr. Swinnerton's Impression of an Arizona Day.

On the Edge of Monument Valley, in Northern Arizona, Stand the Brightly-Hued Rocks Which Mr. Swinnerton Paints As Some Massive Indian City of Prehistoric Times.

THE three paintings shown on this page are but a few of the [illegible] nevertheless they have imparted to the scene with truth and clarity.

Underlying the design of his [illegible] is a knowledge of structure and the majesty of [illegible] Arizona. Each [illegible] scene to hold promise for every [illegible] old weary tourist there is the inevitable [illegible] unknown right at his doorstep [illegible] challenge in color and [illegible]

Romance Out of Tragedy

By Fred Dickenson

THREE shots crashed in the darkened foyer of the stately residence. Dr. George W. Webster crumpled. For a few moments he lay there, then with failing strength he dragged himself to the phone.

He gave the address to Providence, R. I., police. "Get here fast."

Minutes later, Lieutenant Bryan K. Annable was bending over the wealthy, 38-year-old victim. "Who shot you?"

The physician shook his head. "Don't look for clues now. Take me to Homeopathic Hospital. I'll tell you about the shooting later."

Dr. Webster died without talking. Losing her race with death was his attractive wife, Kathryn, who was still driving back from the family summer home at Watch Hill, R. I. She was met at the hospital by Lieutenant Annable. It was he who attempted the first words of comfort.

That was ten years ago—on July 16, 1937. Dr. Webster's murder remains unsolved today. But though mystery lingers, tragedy recently made way for new happiness when Mrs. Webster and Lieutenant Annable were married. The romance, which developed against a sombre background of murder investigation, culminated in a quiet ceremony in St. Sebastian's Church, Providence.

Word of the wedding awoke echoes of the slaying, one of the most sensational in the East during the last decade. At the time, Lieutenant Annable was indefatigable in his investigation. He went far back into the histories of principals in the case, including that of the woman destined to be his wife.

He learned that Mrs. Webster was supervisor of nurses in a New Jersey hospital when she met Dr. Webster, then an interne.

They were married in 1925. Dr. Webster began practice in Providence and was soon on the road to success. He became chief of the obstetrical staff at Homeopathic Hospital, one of the city's finest, and in 1934, he was elected president of the Rhode Island Homeopathic Medical Society.

The Websters had a daughter, Marjorie. Their home on Emeline Street, a fashionable district, was luxurious. In the comfortable class was their summer place at Watch Hill where mother and daughter went for that fatal summer.

Dr. Webster had declared that he was so busy he could join them only on week ends. By every sign, he was a man of great success with everything to live for. Yet Lieutenant Annable soon found evidence that Dr. Webster had been giving considerable thought to his own death.

Probing the victim's last known movements, Lieutenant Annable discovered that on July 12, four days before the slaying, Dr. Webster had applied for $25,000 additional insurance. On July 14, he had made his will.

Why had the thought of a healthy and relatively young physician turned so suddenly toward death? The detective lieutenant sought the answer.

There was nothing to support a robbery theory. The fact that three 45 calibre bullets were pumped into the unarmed man seemed to strengthen the idea that vengeance of some kind was behind the killing.

Perusal of Dr. Webster's records showed that he numbered among his patients a number of wealthy and socially prominent matrons. None could shed light on the mystery.

Detectives did learn, however, that on several occasions the doctor had feminine company while his family was vacationing. Taxi drivers told of delivering sandwiches to the address.

Neighbors told of seeing the doctor and someone clad in dainty shorts sitting in the backyard hammock by the light of the moon.

Following this lead, detectives held one young blonde over night for questioning, then released her.

Evidence that the physician gambled on the horse races and in dice games was uncovered. Rumors drifted from the underworld that Webster owed bookmakers $10,000 and had welshed on his losses.

But the lead faded under investigation, for it developed that Dr. Webster played only for small stakes and at the time of his death could have raised a considerable amount of money to cover losses rather than risk being murdered.

The night before the shooting, Dr. Webster spent five hours in a drug store on Broad Street in Cranston, about four miles from his home. He left the store about 1 A. M. and drove to his home. Police received his telephone call at 1:27.

His last statement—"I'll tell you about the shooting later," indicated, of course, that there was some information he intended to pass on if death was imminent. But the doctor misjudged his own condition. He lapsed into coma and died within 55 minutes.

For months, Lieutenant Annable saw Mrs. Webster in an official capacity as the widow discussed aspects of her married life in hopes of uncovering a fresh clue.

She sold the home on Emeline Street where the slaying had occurred and moved into a smaller place on Irving Avenue. Eventually, Lieutenant Annable retired from the police force, but the friendship which began under so unhappy a shadow was already blossoming into love.

The Friendship That Developed While the Detective Was Investigating Her Doctor-Husband's Mysterious Death Finally Ripened Into Love.

Illustrated by T. McCARTHY

Risë Stevens, Columbia Records artist, starring on the Prudential Family Hour.

Del Monte Reporter: "Will hard study make a great singer?"

Risë Stevens: "It certainly helps. But more than that, it takes a variety of talents to achieve perfection."

"Look at all the things fine singing calls for. In concert work, a mastery of voice, a proficiency in music, and a knowledge of language.

Opera calls for all these skills plus acting ability, too. Then radio requires new techniques. Each of these fields draws on a particular talent — develops a special ability.

"There is no doubt that all 'round greatness in a singer is the sum of many accomplishments."

That goes for good coffee, too, Miss Stevens — That's why Del Monte blends 7 of the world's great coffees!

Just as great singing demands a variety of talents to attain perfection–so it takes *many* choice coffees to make one perfect blend.

We're after flavor — just as Del Monte always is. And we don't think ordinary blends of three or four coffees will give you the *complete* enjoyment you should get from a cup of coffee.

To us that means seven great coffees blended into one.

We draw on the famous coffee markets of the world . . . testing and selecting coffees for very *special* characteristics of flavor — all those individual flavor qualities that *blended together* make the difference between just a cup of coffee — and a cup of Del Monte.

You'll see exactly what we mean when you try Del Monte . . . Now, there's aroma that gives you the big hello at the very first whiff. And flavor . . . why, it's the kind of honest, down-to-earth, real coffee flavor that invites you to say:—

"Guess I'll have another cup."

Try Del Monte Coffee tomorrow.

Del Monte Coffee

Seven great coffees in one

The *Indestructible* Jockey

When Little Ralph Neves Was Thrown in a California Race a Doctor Pronounced Him Dead—But the Mourning Was Premature

Illustrated by A. S. PACKER

By Horace Wade

IT WAS a bad spill and a hush fell across the stands at Bay Meadows. A riderless horse pounded after the pack. Far back, a jockey lay by the rail.

Then there was sudden commotion out on the track. A siren sounded. An ambulance rushed the boy to the hospital. A waiting doctor examined him.

After a while, the doctor pulled off his stethoscope and drew the sheet slowly over the jockey's head.

"This boy," he said, "is dead."

That was 11 years ago and Ralph Neves, the boy who "died" on a California track that afternoon in 1936, is still bringing home winners on all West Coast major racing ovals.

This decidedly flesh-and-blood ghost was a leading rider this season at Santa Anita and after that at Tanforan. Remembering his brief encounter with death, track followers along the sunny slope call him Indestructible.

May 8, 1936, was the day they were preparing his premature obituary. Neves was only 19 then and had a leg up on a four-year-old colt named Fannikins. He was driving his mount through a tangle of horses when Fannikins suddenly crossed his front legs.

Fannikins went down and Neves was catapulted head-first into the inside rail.

After he was pronounced dead at the hospital, he was given an adrenal injection in a last faint hope of reviving him but he apparently failed to respond.

As the little Portuguese rider tells it, "I was never so surprised in my life as when I heard the doctor say I was dead. I knew I didn't feel dead, even if I was sore all over.

"So I decided it was time to tell the doctor so. 'How about a drink of pop, Doc,' I asked him. He jumped a foot and got as white as the sheet he pulled off me.

"I was rushed to a bed, which seemed silly to me when I knew I was billed to ride Investigator in the seventh race."

He kept the engagement too, dressing quickly and catching a taxi back to the track.

When he got there, he found the other jockeys taking up a collection for a wreath, and his wife in tearful conference with the track officials. She fainted when she saw him.

Neves, incidentally, prefers riding on California tracks, though he has appeared in the East and was asked to ride Jet Pilot in this year's Kentucky Derby.

When Owner Elizabeth Graham wired him the offer to ride the Derby winner, he accepted and then reconsidered, explaining that he didn't want to interfere with his daily gin rummy game with Joe Cohen, assistant general manager at Tanforan.

Miss Graham then offered to pay Cohen's expenses to Louisville. Again Neves turned down the offer, saying this time his wife didn't choose to leave California, even briefly.

Neves is not the only jockey in turf history to go back to the races after being pronounced dead.

Some years ago, Sammy Roberts was "killed" in the St. Patrick's Day Handicap at Oaklawn, in Arkansas, and came back to life and the winner's circle.

Riding Don Moss in the big race, Roberts was thrown in front of a swarm of galloping horses. At the hospital, an attending physician said, "Killed instantly."

Leonard Wilson, trainer for Woolford Farm, refused to accept the verdict. Another doctor was summoned and tickled Sammy's outstretched feet. A muscle twitched slightly and Sammy, unconscious for two weeks, was soon back in action.

Phil Kelly, prominent at the turn of the century, was another who bounced back from eternity.

Kelly was riding an aging plater named Stridewell at the old City Park track in New Orleans one afternoon in 1906 when his mount got into tight quarters at the head of the stretch. Trying to ease the horse out of trouble threw him off balance and both went down.

A doctor was summoned from the stands and said the jockey was dead. The infield flag was run down to half-mast, the band played a death march and patrons stood with bared heads.

In the midst of all this ceremony, Kelly came crawling out from under the paper that had been laid over him—complaining of a headache.

A more recent case was that of Charles E. Allen, for many years a popular jockey on the Chicago circuit.

While riding in an overnight handicap he was suddenly pitched over his mount's head and two horses, close behind, tumbled over him. When track attendants reached his side, Allen was pinned down by a wildly threshing animal.

The verdict of the track doctor was:

"Dead."

The most impressive clipping in Charley Allen's scrapbook today is an eight-column streamer headline in a Chicago paper—his obituary.

The Doctor Quickly Examined the Injured Jockey and Decided He Was Dead. Then Ralph Neves, the "Dead" Boy, Surprised Them All by Coming To Suddenly and Asking for a Drink of Pop.

"I may not *look* dangerous, but people who come to our house keep whispering, 'Stay away from the pup. He's loaded with fleas!'

"Freedom from fleas is easy with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap and Powder. A bath with the soap; followed by regular dustings with SKIP-FLEA Powder, makes 'em give up fast! Get the powder at your drug store now in the handy new 50c economy size."

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'God Is My Partner'

By HENRY S. RENO

"And all the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's; it is holy unto the Lord."

BACK in the depths of the national depression in 1932, that passage from Leviticus 27:30 suddenly had a special meaning to Kenneth S. Keyes.

With it was another verse from Malachi 3:10: "Bring ye the whole tithes into the storehouse that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Although he had lost his savings in the 1925 Florida real estate crash and was caught like millions of others in the depression which followed in its wake, Keyes, a struggling real estate broker, decided to recognize God's right to 1/10th of his income.

His income at the time was barely enough for the needs of his family, but it wasn't long before the 9/10ths was greater than the 10/10ths was before. In the first year of tithing his income increased 60 per cent. In the second year it was more than double what it had been before he started. The third year it increased threefold.

The Rich Man Who Gives a Tenth of All His Income to God Travels All Over the Country Urging Others to Try "Tithing."

NOT content with tithing personally, his real estate company recorded on the minutes of his 1937 annual stockholders meeting a resolution adopting the tithing plan.

Today Mr. Keyes heads one of the large real estate organizations of the country doing a gross volume of business in 1946 of $27,372,610. He is president of a sizable insurance company, operates one of the largest Persian lime, avocado and mango groves in Florida, directs the management of the 460-room Hotel Everglades on Miami's bayfront and has many other interests.

As Mr. Keyes puts it, "God is my partner in these enterprises. Apart from the spiritual benefit it brings, this partnership is a good sound business arrangement — it helps me spiritually — it pays dividends materially.

"Of the many things that interfere with a business man's surrender to God, the most important is probably his money making. When we recognize that our time, our energy and our ability are all given to us by God, and that the money we earn is simply our God-given time, energy and ability converted to coin, then it certainly becomes clear that a part of it belongs to Him."

Mr. Keyes believes in tithing his time as well. He is an elder and chairman of the building fund of Shenandoah Presbyterian Church in Miami. He serves on the board of the National Association of Evangelicals, Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, Christian Business Men's Committee and several other similar organizations.

But most of the time spent in the Lord's work is given to talks on stewardship and tithing to churches and church groups. His speaking trips have taken him from New York and Toronto in the East to Denver, Portland, and Seattle in the West.

His personal tithes and those of his companies are handled by the Keyes Foundation — a nonprofit corporation chartered for that purpose.

Mr. Keyes was born in Morenci, Mich., and grew up in Detroit. He went to Atlanta during World War I and subsequently became owner of his own advertising agency.

The Florida real estate boom attracted young Keyes as it did thousands of others and he recalls that he got to Miami just in time to lose everything he had saved up. "I didn't even have enough money to go back to Atlanta," he recalls.

In 1926 he started in the real estate business with a single desk on the balcony of a downtown Miami real estate organization. It was six years later, while struggling along against odds, that he started tithing and the phenomenal growth of his firm that followed through the years has made real estate headlines.

"OF course," he says, "skeptics can say, 'Haven't business conditions generally improved? Wouldn't your income have increased just as much if you had not tithed?'

"I doubt it. It is just good, sound business reasoning to believe God will bless financially the man or woman or firm that honors Him and tries to further His program on earth.

"But the financial blessing that so often comes to the tither is not the main thing. The spiritual blessing is far more important. If you want greater joy and happiness in your religious faith — if you want a richer, fuller Christian life, you'll find them when you adopt God's plan for giving."

To save time and energy in carrying on his business activities and his heavy program of Christian work, Mr. Keyes has purchased a fast private plane. He plans to spend more and more time telling others of the joy that has come into his life since he took God into partnership.

His booklet "In Partnership With God," has already exceeded the million mark in its distribution. Copies are available without cost from the Keyes Foundation, [illegible]

Safety in the Air

BACK of the headlines of recent dramatic crashes, a relentless battle is being waged for greater safety along America's roaring air lanes. It goes forward in the laboratories as well as in the cockpits.

As part of this battle, scientists have worked out a system of automatic, electronic control of all planes near an airport, which can be operated from the ground and which eliminates all possibility of human error on take-offs and landings. The system has yet to be tried, but the necessary equipment is ready.

In next week's American Weekly, S. Young White, nationally known inventor and engineer, takes a peek into an airport of tomorrow, and tells you how airplanes 40 miles from the runway can be ground-guided through the traffic pattern and down to safe landings while their pilots never touch the wheel.

SOME men like to think of women as the weaker sex. But a recent set of insurance company statistics, disregarding etiquette book traditions, shows the female in this country is healthier than the male. And, potentially, wealthier.

A St. Louis University professor believes America is becoming a matriarchy. Politically, there are a million more potential women voters than men. Women control 90 per cent of our spending. They have a longer life expectancy. They control roughly half the stock shares in industry, and stand to inherit more. Don't miss "The Weaker Sex" in next week's magazine.

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BY THE MAKERS OF Kem-Tone

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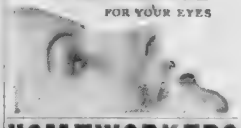

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HOUSE OF GIFT

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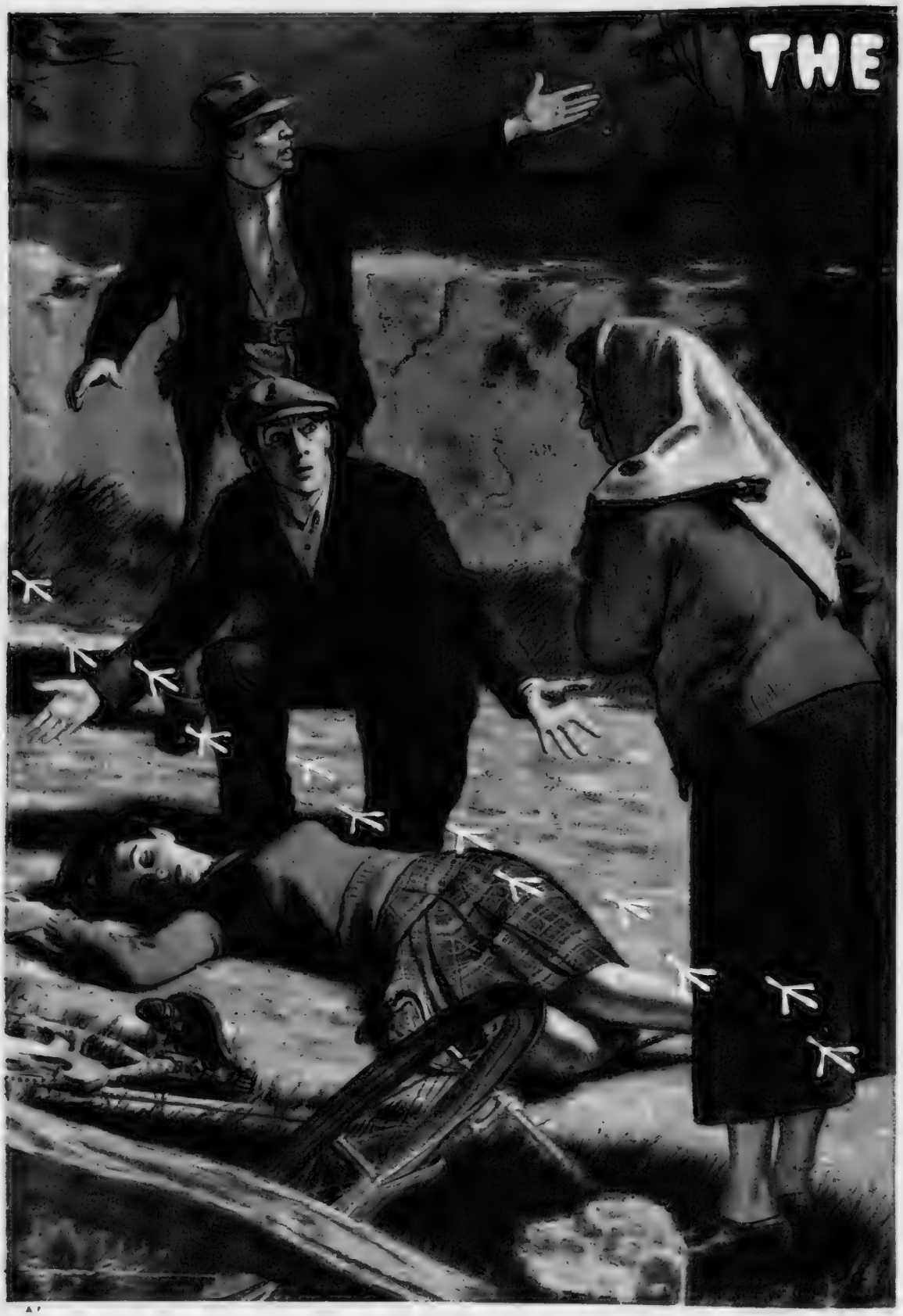
THE

CASE OF THE Raven's Footprints

By Peter Levins

THE body of Bella Wright, an attractive young factory worker, was discovered beside her bicycle in a lane near Little Stretton, Leicestershire, England, at 9:50 p. m., July 5, 1919.

Those first on the scene thought she had fallen off her bike and landed on her head. There was a pool of blood in the road beside her. Near by, they saw the marks of the bloody feet of a large bird. These led to a dead raven lying beside a gate.

One of the officers called to the spot found a small hole in the girl's left cheek and a larger hole on the right side of her head. He began to look for the fatal bullet and found one in the road 17½ feet from her head.

Investigation disclosed that Miss Wright had left her uncle's home at Gaultby, two and a half miles from Little Stretton, early that evening in the company of a man riding a green bicycle. Those who had seen the man could not give his name, but in Leicester a mechanic reported he had fixed a green bicycle for a man who had called for it that morning.

Two little girls recalled that, at about 5:30 p. m., a man riding a green bicycle had tried to get into conversation with them on a road which led to the lane where Bella Wright had been found. They said they had been frightened by the stranger's manner.

The police asked through the newspapers that this man make himself known and give an account of himself. When he did not come forward, they circulated handbills asking for information about him. His age was given as 35 to 40. Height: 5 feet 7 to 9. Dressed in a light rainproof coat. Said to have a "squeaking" voice. Had been riding "a gent's B. S. A. bicycle with a green frame."

Almost seven months passed, during which no further information developed. Then, in February, 1920, the tow-rope of a barge, moving down a canal near Leicester, caught on to something on the canal bottom and raised it for a few moments above the water. It was part of the frame of a green bicycle.

The police recovered most of the frame. They noted that the maker's name on the outside had been erased but a secret mark identified it as a B. S. A. bicycle.

Thus the authorities learned that the machine had been sold to Ronald Vivian Light, a war veteran who was a mathematics instructor at a Cheltenham school. When arrested at once, Light at first denied that he had ever owned a green bicycle. Later he admitted he had owned one but insisted that he had sold it long since.

Light was confronted with the two little girls who had been frightened by him at 5:30, July 5. They identified him. He was confronted with the bicycle repair man, who also identified him.

Next the police announced that they had retrieved a revolver holster from the canal. It contained, they said, live and blank cartridges of the same old-fashioned type as the bullet found near the body. They had "almost conclusive proof" that the holster had belonged to Light.

Ronald Vivian Light — He Admitted Ownership of the Green Bicycle and the Revolver Holster.

Illustrated by SEYMOUR BALL

It Looked as If She Were the Victim of an Accident, as If She Had Fallen Off Her Bike and Landed on Her Head. Near by, Those First on the Scene Saw the Marks of a Large Bird's Feet. These Led to the Body of a Dead Raven Lying Beside a Gate.

Enmeshed in all these circumstances, and facing trial, the suspect retained the most successful defense attorney in the land, Sir Edward Marshall Hall. Hall in turn found himself opposed by an array of first-string prosecutors: the attorney general, Sir Gordon Hewart, Henry Maddocks, K. C., M. P., and the celebrated Norman Birkett.

The attorneys for the crown came into court with evidence that Ronald Light had, on July 5, 1919, owned the green bicycle and the holster, and that he had once owned a service revolver in which the bullet found buried in the road could have been used.

Sir Gordon, cold, thorough and precise, erected what seemed to be an insurmountable barrier of evidence. He told of Miss Wright meeting the man on the green bicycle just outside her uncle's home. He quoted the man as saying, "Bella, I thought you had gone the other way."

It was not necessary to prove motive, he said, if the other evidence was conclusive.

Defense Chief Hall tossed the first of several bombshells soon after the crown witnesses began to testify. While the two schoolgirls were on the stand, he quietly announced that these would be the only witnesses as to fact that he would cross-examine, and that there would be no cross-examination as to identity or ownership.

Hall treated the little girls like an indulgent father or teacher. He got one of them to admit that the police had suggested the date to them when they were first questioned. His soft-spoken, dexterous inquiries created the impression that the girls might have been mistaken.

Despite his announcement, Hall did cross-examine one other witness as to fact. That was while Miss Wright's uncle was on the stand. The witness had testified on direct examination that he had heard the man say, "Bella, I thought you had gone the other way." Hall now suggested that the word had been "Hello" and not "Bella."

Next, a physician testified. He stated that the bullet had been fired at a distance of from five to seven feet. Hall suggested that a .45 bullet fired from that distance would make a larger exit hole. The doctor would not agree to that.

Then how do you get out of the dilemma?" Hall asked. "A bullet going in an upward direction, as the wounds have shown, at high velocity found six yards away from the body?"

"My theory is that the woman was shot whilst lying on the road and the bullet went through her head into the ground."

Would the witness please explain more fully?

"The bullet must have passed into the soft ground at the side of the road, struck the hard ground underneath, and rebounded into the road."

"But," exclaimed Hall, "if a bullet was fired without any further resistance than a girl's head, it would be absurd to suppose that it would be found only six yards away."

The witness agreed.

A gunsmith was called to the stand.

Hall asked him to look through a microscope and note a certain mark on the bullet. The witness agreed that this mark showed that the bullet had passed through a rifled barrel, a fact which would greatly increase the range.

Later, Sir Edward asked this question.

"Supposing the shot to have been fired some distance away, and that in its flight it came into contact with a fence, tree, or something else and then struck someone on the roadway, would you expect to find that bullet within a few feet of where the person was shot?"

The gunsmith replied, "Yes, it is possible."

Q. Have you ever seen a human being who had been shot at a distance of within five yards with a service revolver? A. No, sir.

Q. I suggest that the effect of such a bullet is almost to blow the side of the head off. A. It depends on the velocity, sir.

"Of course it does!" Hall exclaimed.

Everyone was surprised when the defense called Light himself to the stand, for it had been predicted that Hall would not dare to do this.

First off, Light swore that all his previous statements had been lies. He said that he had not come forward following the crime, because he had been dazed, confused and frightened.

He admitted ownership of the bicycle and the holster. He said he had left the revolver behind him in France at a casualty clearing station. He admitted that he had met Bella at 8 p. m., July 5, but insisted he had never seen her before that.

SHE'D had trouble with the front wheel of her bicycle, he said, and had asked him for a wrench. He said they had cycled together until they reached her uncle's home.

"She told me she was only going in for 10 minutes," he testified, "and I took this for an invitation to wait, but I decided to go on home."

Delayed by a puncture which he had to stop and mend, he continued, he realized he would be late for supper, so he decided to take a short cut and see how far the girl had got. He'd discovered that she hadn't gotten anywhere, he said, for he met her again in front of her uncle's home.

"Hello," he said. "You've been a long time. I thought you had gone the other way."

He accompanied her to a fork in the road, where they parted, according to his story.

The jury mulled over the evidence for three hours, then returned a verdict of not guilty.

In his biography of Hall, Edward Marjoribanks tells of a curious explanation for the mystery which appeared in a short story by Trueman Humphries. Mr. Humphries made the dead raven the key to the riddle.

He pointed out that the bullet had been ascending when it struck Miss Wright, and was almost spent when it passed through her head.

Near by, he said, there was a sheep trough in which a hunter with a rifle might have lain and drawn a bead on the raven as the bird sat on the gate. After killing the raven, the bullet, still following an upward course, might have struck Bella as she pedaled by on her bicycle. The authorities were not impressed by this theory.

Next week, Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

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Letters to the Editor

WOULD you please send me a copy of your "My Faith" booklet, a collection of statements by eminent scientists regarding their religious faiths?

I am attending Pasadena College, in preparation for the ministry, and would be very much interested in this booklet.

Leo Litle
Pasadena, Cal.

(Mr. Litle has been sent a "My Faith" booklet.—Ed.)

• • •

I'm just one of the millions of Americans who have been reading The American Weekly for more years than I care to admit in print. I have been getting "a little broad-shouldered in the hips" lately. Would you please send me a copy of your "Eat and Grow Slim" diet?

Catherine T. Farrell
Chicago, Ill.

(Reader Farrell has been sent the diet.—Ed.)

• • •

Your recent article, called "Are Women Smarter?" made me angry enough to bite a two-penny nail.

If the people who spend so much time arguing about that question would think a little, first, they'd be able to answer it in a minute. Neither sex is smarter.

Mrs. Dolores C. Williams
Cleveland, Ohio

• • •

You had an article a few weeks ago entitled "Heroes on Telegraph Poles." It was a wonderful story about telephone men; making me very proud that I am one of the "Bell Family."

But your artist, in drawing the test set (telephone) in the hands of the lineman, showed him talking into the receiver and listening through the transmitter.

Ray Logan, Jr.
San Francisco, Cal.

(Our artist admits that reader Logan is correct, but many telephone users make the same mistake. Ed.)

• • •

I was very much interested in your article, some months ago entitled "Repairing Injured Eyes." As a result of reading it, I wrote to the doctor who does this great work. I told him about my son, who, I believe, needs such an operation.

The doctor replied that it is necessary for me to submit a full report from the doctor who previously treated my son's eyes. In order to present a clear picture to him, I would like to have the article.

Mrs. Rose Tomlinson
Washington, D. C.

(Mrs. Tomlinson has been sent a copy of our article. —Ed.)

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Curfews for Teen-Agers?

By URSULA TROW

FROM the strident tone of their letters, we gather teen-agers don't take kindly to the idea of a 9:30 curfew of the kind enforced in Elizabeth, N. J. Writes 12-year-old **Mary Lowry**, of Syracuse, N. Y.: "It's an outrageous curtailment of teen-agers' freedom. It's against their constitutional rights!" "It's terrible," says **Ann Miller**, of Baltimore, Md.

Mertice Templeton, 16, of Verona, N. Y.; **Don Schostek**, 15, of Cleveland Hgts., Ohio, and **Letha Couch**, of Oakland, Calif., agree that a curfew "forces teen-agers back to the primitive age."

"And makes us feel like little criminals who can't be trusted," says **Dan M. Bowers**, of Johnstown, Pa.

Hazel Smith, of New Boston, Ill., says a 9:30 curfew is ridiculous. "Our gang is just getting started then."

Winona Myers, 15, of Lancaster, Pa., also says it wouldn't work. Winona claims she couldn't get home from her Senior Scout meetings by then.

John W. Retan, 16, of Exeter, N. H., and **Roberta Kiesel**, 16, of Carney's Point, N. H., want to know why teen-agers should be treated like a separate race and governed by sadistic laws and customs. And **Barbara Hill**, 14, of Valdosta, Ga., wonders why we fought a war to abolish dictatorships if we're going to establish them here.

"If they would build teen-age canteens instead of beer gardens, we wouldn't have to hang around the streets and there would be no need to impose curfews," writes **Stella Mamon**, of Detroit, Mich.

Patricia Weinick, 15, of Phoenix, Ariz., takes a regional point of view on the subject. Phoenix doesn't need a curfew, she says, but "I do see their point in New Jersey."

"Parents, not the authorities, should do the restricting of teen-agers," says **Tom Smith**, of the San Diego Naval Air Station.

"Curfews are silly," writes **Jeanette Ryan**, of Oak Lawn, Ill., and **Albert Rahney**, of Oakland, Calif., says "If a youngster wants to get into trouble he can get into just as much before 9:30 as after."

Many Young Objectors to a Curfew Argue That It Is a Curb on Their Constitutional Rights and Forces Them Back to a More Primitive Age.

Those who were in favor of the Elizabeth, N. J., curfew plan were mainly grown-ups, and most of these, like **L. G. Knudsen**, of Seattle, Wash.; **Sandra Pierson**, of Cleveland; **H. L. Kelly**, of Waldport, Ore.; **Saveino Martino**, of Auburn, N. Y.; **Mr. and Mrs. R. Pilling**, of Staten Island, N. Y., and **Mr. and Mrs. E. Schuett**, of Chicago, believe it would go a long way toward banishing juvenile delinquency from the land.

A number of teen-agers, too, came out in favor of the curfew. **Diane Gaylord**, of Hamburg, N. Y., thinks it's good. **Ida Mae Vanek**, 16, thinks there ought to be a curfew in Richmond, Calif., where she lives. And in Ventura, Calif., where they also have a curfew, **Jean Ann Coy** says it's done a lot of good. Los Angeles has a curfew, too, writes **Johnny Morris**, who says the youngsters there seem to lead a cleaner and better life because of it.

Grandmother **Edna F. Mills**, of San Francisco, wistfully wishes they had a curfew there. It would give her grandson some much needed supervision and keep him from roaming the streets. **Mrs. Rena Young** says in her estimation Detroit needs a curfew.

Mrs. T. W. P., of Coral Gables, Fla., has visited in Elizabeth and approves of the way the curfew works there. She'd like to see it go into effect in Miami, too. **Mrs. E. A. Warren**, of Lake Worth, Fla., mother of two teen-aged daughters, also wants a 9:30 curfew down there.

Joseph C. Burgoyne, of Montreal, likes the idea of a curfew, but thinks the teen-agers themselves, not their parents, should be punished when they stay out too late.

Syracuse, N. Y., could also use a curfew, according to **H. H. Gale**. "It ought to apply to parents as well as teen-agers, for too many grown-ups can be found at the bars at night."

J. J. Tuohey, of Baltimore, goes even further. He would like to see a teen-age curfew adopted and enforced throughout the nation.

How about you youngsters who are working this summer? What are you doing? How much are you making? What are you doing with the money? Tell the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

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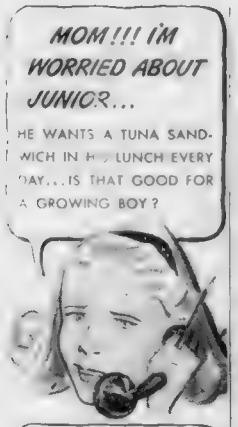

It's a healthy sign when youngsters want more and more tuna, either in sandwiches or in scores of other tasty tuna dishes. For tuna (especially these famous **quality** brands) is rich in protein, contains vitamins "A" and "D," minerals and other vital food elements needed for growth, energy and good health. It also contains iodine, effective preventive of nutritional goitre. So, serve tuna often ...**both hot and cold!**

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...Household Almanac...

— Amy Alden

Tiny Onions Top This Tongue Platter With Parsley Sauce.

SOME of these ideas may help make your dinners the top note of the day, for they will save you time in preparation and time in straightening up the kitchen later.

Two pressure pan recipes will help you have your dinner ready in a matter of minutes, a salad can be made and put into the ice box for a last minute tossing. The corn fritters always are a tasty addition to the vegetable side of the menu.

If you prefer to show off one of your good looking skillets, the spaghetti stuffed peppers or the chicken dinner in a dish are just the things for you to make, for they, too, can be served right from the dish they are cooked in.

Quickly prepared and easily served, the family will find these tempting to the hot weather appetites. Finish any of these meals with an ideal dessert, the deep dish raspberry pie.

Cooked Smoked Tongue

1 3½-lb. smoked tongue
4 cups boiling water
4 cloves
1 tsp. celery salt
1 carrot, sliced
1 peeled onion, sliced
¼ cup vinegar
1 tbsp. sugar
1 bay leaf

Wash tongue. Drain. Place in pressure saucepan with boiling water and remaining ingredients. Adjust cover. Allow steam to flow from vent to release air; bring pressure to 15 lbs., following manufacturer's directions. Cook at 15 lbs. pressure 1 hr. Reduce pressure quickly, as directed; uncover. Skin tongue; cool. Cool liquid. Return tongue to liquid. Chill well; slice.

Just before serving, 3 cups of small peeled onions can be cooked in pressure pan for 3 min. at 15 pounds pressure, following directions. Serve on platter with the sliced tongue. Serves 6

Pressure Pan Pork Chops With Vegetables

2¼ lbs. loin pork chops (6)
¼ cup flour
1½ tsps. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
½ cup minced onion
2 tsps. meat extract
1 cup water
2 cups yellow turnip sticks (⅜" by 2½")
2 cups white potato sticks (½" by 3")
2 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine, melted
¼ cup minced parsley
⅓ cup diced canned pimiento

Coat pork chops with flour, ½ tsp. salt, and pepper, combined in a pie plate. Then saute in pressure pan over high heat until well browned. Drain off fat; add onion and meat extract, dissolved in water. Cover, and bring up to 15 lbs pressure, following manufacturer's directions. Cook pork chops for 8 min. Reduce pressure, and remove cover.

Pile chops at one side of cooker and turnips and potatoes, combined, at other. Sprinkle vegetables with remaining 1 tsp. salt. Cover; bring up to 15 lbs. pressure again; cook for 4 min. Then reduce pressure; remove cover.

Toss vegetables with butter, parsley and pimiento. If your pressure pan is serving dish, too, carry it with the piping-hot dinner to the table. Serves 6.

Spaghetti-Stuffed Peppers

6 medium green peppers
3 tbsps. fat or salad oil
½ cup minced onion
1 clove garlic, minced
1 can pork-and-ham loaf
¼ tsp. dried basil
1 1-lb. jar or can spaghetti in tomato sauce
3 cups sliced carrots
½ tsp. salt
¼ cup water
3 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine

Wash and dry peppers; cut thin slice from stem ends, remove seeds. Cook in covered skillet with 2 cups boiling salted water for 5 min., drain. Remove peppers. In the same skillet, heat the fat. Then saute the onion and garlic until tender, but not brown. Grate the pork-and-ham loaf on coarse grater; add to the onion and saute until lightly browned. Next add the basil and the spaghetti, and combine, using a fork to avoid breaking up the spaghetti. Lightly fill peppers with spaghetti mixture. Arrange peppers on one side of skillet; carrots on other side. Sprinkle carrots with salt; then pour the water into skillet. Simmer, covered, for 20 min. Spoon butter over the carrots. Serves 6

All on One Plate

Chicken Dinner in a Dish

1 4-lb. fowl or chicken
1 tsp. celery salt
½ cup sliced onions
½ tsp. dried thyme
¼ cup flour
1½ tsps. salt
⅓ cup fat
1½ cups hot water
2 bouillon cubes
8 small white onions peeled
3 large sweet potatoes, pared and halved
⅛ tsp. nutmeg
½ lb. snap beans, halved lengthwise
¼ cup butter or fortified margarine, melted

Prepare fowl. Sprinkle cavity with celery salt. Stuff with the sliced onions and thyme, which have been mixed; then truss. Coat with combined flour and ¼ tsp. of the salt. Brown all sides in hot fat in covered skillet. Add water and bouillon cubes. Simmer, covered, for 3 hrs., adding water if necessary.

Skim off fat; place the onions on one side of the fowl and the potatoes on the other. Sprinkle the vegetables with 1 tsp. salt; then sprinkle the potatoes with nutmeg. Cook, covered, for 20 min. Arrange beans beside onions, sprinkle with ¼ tsp. salt. Cook, covered, 15 min. Add butter. Serves 4.

Corn Fritters

3 eggs, separated
1⅔ cups cooked corn
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
¼ cup sifted flour
6 tbsps. fat or salad oil

Beat egg yolks until light, then add the corn seasonings and flour. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat in a skillet. Cook on both sides until done. Serves 6.

Deep Dish Raspberry Pie

4 cups fresh raspberries
3 tbsps. all-purpose flour
½ cup granulated sugar
⅛ tsp. nutmeg
½ tsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. butter or fortified margarine
Dash salt
⅛ tsp. cinnamon
Pastry

Arrange raspberries in a 1 qt. casserole. Mix remaining ingredients (except pastry), and sprinkle over the top of raspberries. Roll out pastry 8" in diameter and ⅛" thick, place over top of the raspberries. Fold under ½" of the pastry, crimp edges. Make several gashes in top center. Bake in hot oven of 425° F. for 40 min. Serve with cream.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 88, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self addressed envelope.

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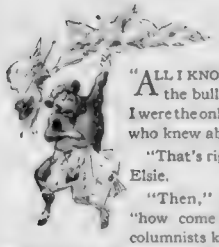
"But who could have told the newspapers?"

CRIED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW



"ALL I KNOW," roared Elmer, the bull, "is that you and I were the only ones in the world who knew about it."

"That's right, dear," agreed Elsie.

"Then," exploded Elmer, "how come these newspaper columnists keep asking *who* is saying *what* about *which* bovine glamour girl?"

"I think it's real nice of the columnists to call me a glamour girl," teased Elsie.

"Woman," frowned Elmer, "with what you know and what I know, when are you going to stop being a glamour girl?"

"You stop being such a worry-wart!" laughed Elsie. "Think how proud they'll be of us at Borden's when we announce our exciting news."

"You keep Borden's out of this!" snapped Elmer "This is *our* news. And tell Borden's not

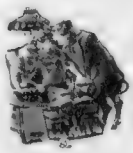
to cross us up by bringing out some doggoned new product just when our news breaks!"

"Don't worry about that, sweet," calmed Elsie. "Borden's has just brought out new *Lady Borden Ice Cream*. And folks are going mad about it. It really *is* fit for a golden spoon. Smooth as a dream, and rich and luscious with pure, golden cream."

"Quit thinking about ice cream," commanded Elmer. "Let's think about *us*, and *our* big news."

"But Lady Borden Ice Cream is big news already," said Elsie. "It's already a great favorite wherever people appreciate truly excellent ice cream. At dinner tables, grand parties—"

"Did you say *party?*" brightened Elmer. "Woman, there'll be no party to touch the one I'll throw when our big story gets out!"



"When you throw that party," said Elsie, "don't forget to serve the very newest of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*—I'm referring to Borden's Cheese'n Bacon Cocktail Spread!"

"She talks about cheese," moaned Elmer, "when our wonderful secret is about to be spilled to the world. Woman, are you *daffy?*"

"I certainly am daffy," chirped Elsie, "about that new'n wonderful Cheese'n Bacon Spread. It's a *thrilling* combination of aged Cheddar cheese and bits of crisp, broiled bacon. Makes the tastiest sandwiches ever. And it's perfectly grand spread on crackers."

"*Aw,*" grumped Elmer, "the way you yap about Borden's, it's no wonder those newspaper

fellows got wind of things."

"But dear, I *never* breathed a word," protested Elsie. "I promised I wouldn't *even hint* until you gave the word."

"And when Daddy gives the word," drawled Beulah, "you'll hear it—everybody'll hear it—it'll be loud but good."

"Of course it'll be good," said Elsie. "Daddy's one of the Borden family, too—and you know, *if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

© The Borden Company

ADVERTISEMENT

The Epicure

SWEET-SOUR CHINESE DISHES

By FLORIDA FRIEBUS

WHILE visiting China some years ago, I had the good fortune to meet Hi Sai, a cook who combined philosophy as readily as food. From him I acquired a taste for many Oriental dishes and obtained a number of recipes from the monarch of the kitchen.

One of these is for Chinese meat balls with sweet-sour sauce, which requires the following ingredients: 2 pounds ground pork, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 2 heaping tablespoons corn starch, 1 tablespoon sherry, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt.

Mix thoroughly and make into 12 balls. Heat three tablespoons lard in skillet. Add meat balls and fry for 3 minutes on each side.

Prepare the sweet-sour sauce containing 3 tablespoons vinegar, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons corn starch and ½ cup of water. Mix thoroughly, place in good-sized saucepan and bring slowly to boiling point. Remove meat balls from skillet and place in saucepan with heated sauce. Simmer 5 minutes and serve.

Sweet-Sour Fish

This Chinese dish requires the following ingredients: A fish of 3 or 4 pounds (In China, carp is generally used but one may use any fish desired), 2 cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, 8 tablespoons sugar, 8 tablespoons vinegar, 4 tablespoons soy sauce, 4 tablespoons corn starch, 3 tablespoons sherry, 1 sliced scallion, 4 slices of fresh ginger or, if unavailable, ½ teaspoon powdered ginger.

Clean fish, rub flour on outside, and deep fry in one inch of lard or oil. Fry two minutes on each side over hot fire then 4 minutes on each side over medium fire; then over hot fire for one minute on each side (total of 14 minutes). Put fish on plate pour oil from skillet until only one tablespoon of it is left; then place other ingredients into the pan, and heat. When sauce is translucent, pour over the fish and serve.

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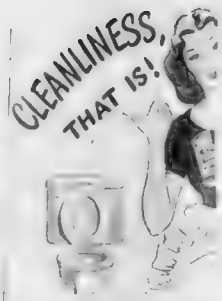

That's what every good housekeeper expects when she cleans the toilet bowl! But why not be certain? Let Sani-Flush do the cleaning. Sani-Flush also disinfects—assures you of true toilet bowl cleanliness. Its fast, thorough chemical action removes all trace of stain and film, leaving odorless freshness. No scrubbing.

Will not injure septic tank action. Effective in hard or soft water. Sold everywhere. Two economical sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
USE TWICE WEEKLY

COOLERATOR
Kitchen Saver

LESS KITCHEN SPACE
Almost 8 Cu. Ft. Capacity
$219.95
F. O. B. DULUTH

See your dealer now for this BIG electric refrigerator that fits into small or crowded kitchens. Complete with a built-in 25 lb. Frozen Food Locker, a roomy Vegetable Crisp-O-Lator and Coolerator's "Econ-O-Mizer" Freezing Unit.
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Coolerator
Flavor Saver
REFRIGERATORS AND FREEZERS
The Coolerator Company, Dept. AW-87
Duluth 1, Minnesota

RELIEVE SKIN TROUBLE THIS TESTED WAY

If externally-caused pimples, eczema, or other minor skin irritations are making you miserable and embarrassed, try this! Today, Tet Ambo cream, pleasant-scented MERCIREX ointment! Ointment starts to act according to directions in package. Medicated with SIX active ingredients that help soothe itching, smarting pimples and burns, help correct dryness, prevent infection, is hand-tinted, stainless. Can be used any time. Money back if not satisfied in 10 days. Ointment, 60¢. Mercirex soap, 25¢. Mercirex Shampoo, 60¢. At druggists.

MERCIREX FOR THE SKIN
OINTMENT SOAP SHAMPOO

Important! for HOME GARDENERS

FOR safety, wash *well* after gardening, with a sudsy soap that cleanses skin effectively yet most agreeably—use RESINOL Soap.

To chafes, ivy poison, sunburn, simple rashes... apply soothing Resinol Ointment. Get quick joyful relief from the itchy burning.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

ORDER BY MAIL FROM
florida fashions
$2.98 each

Day-Time Darling

He'll think you're darling when you wear it—for school or street, at home or work. **Flower applique brings a splash of gay color to brighten its smart pencil stripes — it washes beautifully too. 9 brightly colored buttons; separate belt. Bias cut wide flaring skirt flatters your tiny waist.**

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Full satisfaction or money back

florida fashions
SANFORD 422 FLORIDA

Send on approval ____ "Day-Time Darlings." I will pay postman $2.98 (2 for $5.85) plus postage and C.O.D. charges. I may return purchase within 10 days for full refund if not completely satisfied. *(You save C.O.D. fee by enclosing purchase price plus 20c for postage; same refund privilege.)*

Circle Size: 9 11 13 15 17
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For
Younger Looking Skin
Use
MERCOLIZED
WAX CREAM

If your spirit is young, you should seek ways and means to appear as young as you feel. A more even-toned fresher complexion aids in creating the impression of looking younger and more attractive. An effective way to help obtain this result is the regular use of Mercolized Wax Cream. This will aid in making and keeping your skin looking as young and lovely as your skin can look. Use only as directed.

Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere.

PAINFUL
TOE NAIL
GROOVE
Inflamed, Irritated, Sore or Calloused Here?

Pressure of the great toe nail into the sensitive nail groove causes this painful foot trouble. A few drops of soothing Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL quickly relieves soreness, pain, softens nail, permitting embedded part to be loosened and removed. Only 50¢ everywhere.

Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL

Read Doris Denison's "Personal Laundry Problems" in This Issue.

Notes ON Beauty

By Sally Young

SUDDENLY upon the scene have come several new shampoos and information about improvements in old ones — making them practically new, too. One of your favorite soapless shampoos has had a complete revamping. In its new form, to which the makers have added a nicely scented perfume, the shampoo is said not to leave hair in an "I washed my hair and can't do a thing with it" condition.

To take traveling with you, or for tiny hands which have trouble clutching large shampoo bottles, there's a convenient new soapless shampoo that comes in a tube—like toothpaste. It's non-spillable and unbreakable, making it a favorite with the man of the house as well—especially if he shampoos in the shower.

Those with a penchant for egg shampoos can now buy them ready made instead of whipping up a concoction at home. Egg shampoos are said to be good for streaky hair, among other things, so you may want to try one after your stint in the summer sun.

At Your Fingertips

NEW in nail polishes, of course, is the color—a softer, rosier, more delicate shade than has been seen in many a year.

The particular shade I have in mind points up a suntan like nothing else, or, if you're the lily-white variety, gives a rose-bud hue to your fingertips.

Hands with or without polish must always be lovely to look at, everybody agrees. But how, if you're human enough to want to putter around with paint, lacquer and do your household chores?

Well, somebody's always thinking up something to make life a little more pleasant. This time it's a cream to be applied before tackling that messy job. The cream acts like an invisible glove, preventing the skin from absorbing the dirt. From a boat-enthusiast, who's been playing around with paint, tar, and lacquer, we gather it has merit.

Skin Oily?

EAT less fats, starches and sweets. Fill up on fruits, vegetables and milk. Use plenty of water—internally as well as externally. Soap goes with the external use of water. Fresh air and exercise are recommended for general normalizing. And local stimulation by means of massage are often considered beneficial.

Brush Your Teeth

TEETH should be brushed for at least two minutes after each meal. Brushing improves their appearance, gives a sense of cleanliness to the mouth and helps maintain it in a healthy condition.

Brushing alone, however, may not prevent mouth diseases. Care and instructions from your dentist are also necessary.

The dentist can demonstrate the toothbrushing method best suited to the individual mouth. Generally though, the upper teeth are brushed with a downward motion, the lower with an upward motion. The inside surface and the chewing surfaces, as well as the outside surfaces of the teeth are brushed. After brushing the teeth and gums, rinse the mouth thoroughly by forcing warm water between the teeth to remove loose food particles.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with your name and address, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 383, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

BEAUTY

- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
- ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
- ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair

WELSH'S
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WITH THE Peek-A-Boo CANOPY

And Welsh's Sensational New
PRES-TOE-PARK STAND AND SAFETY BRAKE

The Carriage Can't Roll, Tip or Stray • It's Secure!

Ask Your Dealer to Show You This Most Widely Heralded Carriage of Welsh's Outstanding 1947 Line Designed by Matilda D. Welsh.

FREE *Mother, Send Date of Your Baby's Birth to . . . Welsh Co., St. Louis, for a Complimentary Horoscope.*

WELSH CO.
World's Largest Manufacturer of Folding Baby Carriages
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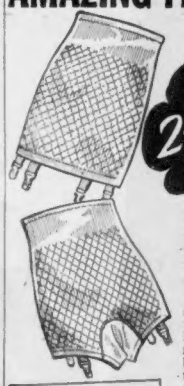
AMAZING FREE TRIAL OFFER



NEW NYLON
2-way stretch
GIRDLE

WASHES "LIKE A DREAM"

Here's the new 2-way stretch girdle everyone is talking about . . . chock-full of sturdy built-in elastic, covered with that wonder-material Du Pont Nylon! You'll be thrilled by this fine-denier fabric that washes and dries so miraculously fast . . . never seems to wear out. And you'll be enchanted by the form-hug design that gently molds and controls embarrassing bulges. Makes you look slimmer, taller, feel better. Choose your NYLON girdle from two lovely styles . . . panty girdle with removable snap button NYLON crotch and removable garter straps (perfect for shorts and swim suits), or the beautifully styled regular type. Three fashionable colors, nude, white, and blue.

ENJOY THESE AMAZING FEATURES
- Nylon Fabric
- Lightweight
- Dries in Minutes
- Long Wearing
- Form-hug Design
- Low Cost
- 2 Thrilling Styles

10 DAY FREE TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY
Examine and wear this soft, comfortable, slenderizing NYLON girdle for 10 days without risk. You must be convinced that this the biggest bargain in 2-way stretch girdl you have ever worn, or it costs you absolutely nothing. Send no money . . . just the coupon, NOW!

ANNETTE FASHIONS CO., Dept. H-24
45 E. 17th St., New York 3, N. Y.
☐ Rush ____ NYLON girdles ☐ Panty, ☐ Regular. I will pay postman only $3.98 each plus postage. Send ____ extra crotches at 49c each C, D, D, plus postage. If not completely satisfied I may return within 10 days for full purchase price refund.
Check size: ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large
Check color: ☐ Nude ☐ White ☐ Blue
☐ Check here if you enclose money now. We pay postage. Same refund guarantee.
NAME _____
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New!.. Greatest Reducing Idea In Years...

Have the SLIM attractive figure you want! R.D.X. tablets help you to help yourself reduce.

If you've been putting off reducing because you have more than your share of "human nature" and can't seem to resist fattening foods, here's what you've been waiting for!

R.D.X. tablets are made to help you curb your desire for fattening foods. You eat many foods you choose and like.

No longer need you torture yourself with violent exercise or take the risk of dangerous drugs. No longer need you have pangs of conscience—and be fat!—because you can't stick to a reducing diet.

The R.D.X plan may help you lose unwanted pounds while you eat three meals a day of certain foods you like and choose.

How R. D. X. Helps Reducers

You don't like what you see in your mirror. The clothes you can no longer get into are a constant reminder that you are stouter than you should be. But it's hard to stay on a reducing diet when you crave fattening foods.

Here's how R.D.X. tablets help you. Taken before meals, they safely help to curb your appetite for unneeded foods. Taken between meals, R.D.X. tablets help stave off the hunger pangs that cause you to overindulge in fattening snacks. Thus reducing becomes more pleasant, a more enjoyable way of eating.

Your Doctor Should Approve

Has your doctor told you to take off weight? Then ask him about the wonderful new R.D.X. tablets and Reducing plan in each package.

R.D.X. tablets contain no harmful drugs and are a *new* development of a known nutritional principle.

R.D.X. is a dieting aid for reducers, consisting chiefly of a high concentrate of ascorbic acid (Vitamin C) in a high grade protein base.

Let The Scales Show You

You do want to lose weight, don't you? Perhaps nothing could make you happier than trimming off some of your extra body fat. Then do this: Buy a package of R.D.X. tablets. Read the R.D.X. Reducing plan enclosed —and follow it implicitly for just ten days.

See if you don't actually feel better and look better while the scales show how unwanted pounds disappear!

What's more, the R.D.X. plan helps you to *keep* your weight where you want it, without depriving yourself of many foods you enjoy.

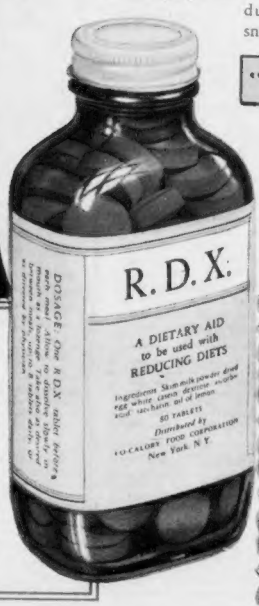
Which of These "Human Nature" Habits Is Keeping You Fat?

Can't Resist Fattening Foods? Eating more than you need for energy requirements puts pounds on. R.D.X. should help you to eat less.

Eating Between-Meal Snacks? Too many tidbits and sweets may pile unwanted fat on you. R.D.X. tablets should help satisfy between-meal hunger.

Icebox Raiding At Bedtime? It's only human nature to want something to eat at bedtime. R.D.X. tablets should help you to curb this habit.

NOTE: R.D.X. is not a reducing drug — R.D.X. is a dieting aid designed to help you control your appetite for fattening foods.



"PROVE-IT-YOURSELF" TRIAL OFFER!

We are so sure the R.D.X. Reducing plan can help you that we make you this unconditional money-back offer: Buy your R.D.X. tablets today. Use them as directed for 10 straight days. Then, if you are not delighted with the results you have obtained, simply tell us; we will refund your money in full without question.

Your scales don't lie. Let them prove to you, in 10 short days, that the R.D.X. plan can help you toward the slim, attractive figure you want! Use money-saving coupon below *TODAY!*

THIS COUPON WORTH 27¢

(Valid only in the purchase of a $2.25 size R.D.X. for $1.98)

Bring this coupon to your druggist and he will give you the Regular $2.25 size package of R.D.X. for only $1.98 (plus local tax if any). R.D.X. is sold on an unconditional money back guarantee. You'll find the wonderful new R.D.X. Reducing plan enclosed in the package.

NOTE TO DRUGGIST: You are requested for ***one time only*** to sell the $2.25 size of R.D.X. for $1.98 in order to introduce your customer to the merits of the R.D.X. Reducing plan. Your cooperation is appreciated. This coupon not valid for refund.

Lo-Calory Food Corp., 1819 B'way, New York 23

GOOD FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY

(This offer subject to withdrawal at any time without notice)

WHAT TO DO?

How many hundreds of times have you looked at that attic room or the basement, or even the guest room or children's room and wondered what to do about it? Maybe the answer was draperies, wallpaper or paint. It may even have been a simple re-arrangement of furniture.

WHEN TO DO?

Did you ever wonder when any one of hundreds of garden plants and flowers should be set out? When will certain crops be ready for home canning? When should this be done or that be done around the house? Of course, you've asked these silent questions.

HOW TO DO?

Did you ever wish you could fix just any one of the hundreds of things that go wrong around a house? Did you ever feel you ought to know how to give "first-aid" treatment to a broken chair, a cracked wall, stained upholstery or a withering plant? Of course, you have.

The articles on the Household Pages of The American Weekly have the answers to these questions every week.

Personal LAUNDRY PROBLEMS

By Doris Denison

ALMOST all of our washable clothes can be trusted to the washing machine these days, but there are always a few items which should receive individual attention.

Dark - Colored Lingerie

IF you have a new black nightie or slip, perhaps you are hesitating just a bit to trust it on its first trip through the suds. Don't put off the laundering because, as you wrongly assure yourself, dark colors don't "show dirt" and therefore can be worn longer between washings. These garments are just as soiled after wearing, whether they are ebon black or palest pastel.

And don't put off the laundering because you are afraid the garment may lose some of its loveliness. All you need for good results are reasonable precautions. For one thing, these dark-colored garments sometimes bleed, not only in the first washing, but each time they are laundered. So wash any dark-colored item of lingerie by itself in your bathroom basin or a separate bowl. Never put it in with other garments.

Use lukewarm water whipped up to a good frothy lather of suds. Plunge the piece up and down but do not wring or twist. Follow the suds bath with a first rinse of the same lukewarm temperature. Then give the garment two more rinses, each a little cooler than the preceding one, and a final rinse in cold water.

Roll the garment briefly in an old cloth to absorb excess moisture, and hang it to dry by the shoulder straps. When it is almost dry, iron on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron.

Nylon

THE washing directions for nylon are simple. Immerse stockings, or other garment, in rich, lukewarm suds, dipping up and down with slight pressure from the palms of the hands. Soil does not penetrate the nylon, so it is an easy fabric to wash. Follow the sudsing with a thorough rinsing.

Nylon has a peculiar ability to shed water, whereas other fabrics absorb it. That is the reason nylon dries so quickly, but for the same reason, nylon drips very considerably.

When you lift the piece from the last rinse, give it a brisk shake. Then roll briefly in an absorbent bath towel, unroll and shake again. This second shake helps remove any wrinkles made during the towel roll.

Washable Doeskin

WASHABLE doeskin, which in the past has been used chiefly for gloves, is now being used for shoes, belts, handbags, scarves, and even hats.

Use the dry suds method for cleaning these articles. Apply dry suds (whipped from soap jelly) on the leather with a soft brush, using a circular motion. Remove with a damp rinsing cloth and place to dry. When the article has dried completely, go over it with a soft brush or hold over steam a few minutes to revive the finish.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self - addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with your name and address, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

HOUSEHOLD

- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
- ☐ (22) Easy Laundering
- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
- ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets
- ☐ (30) Sew Right
- ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades

TAKE TO THE BOATS, BOYS!...

here she comes!

Is that the kind of treatment a pretty girl should get when she's off on her vacation and ready for romance?

Not if she's a bright girl, it isn't!

But Ginny isn't very bright about some things . . , her breath, for example.

She has a little touch of halitosis (bad breath) from time to time, and the boys have already spotted it. She's elected herself to the "Suicide Club". . . social suicide, that is. She'll miss many a good time, sit out many a dance, watch the moon rise alone . . . *and wonder why.*

You, yourself, may not realize when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath)*. So the smart thing to do is to be extra careful about offending this way. And by being "extra careful" we mean using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date where you want to be at your best.

Almost instantly Listerine Antiseptic makes your breath fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. Start the day and go to your date with a wonderful feeling of greater assurance and freshness. Make Listerine Antiseptic a "must" every day. It helps you to be at your best always.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

*While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the fermentation odors.

FOR ORAL HYGIENE **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

DRY CRACKED LIPS?

that's a job for "Comfy" and "Minty"

the MENTHOLATUM TWINS

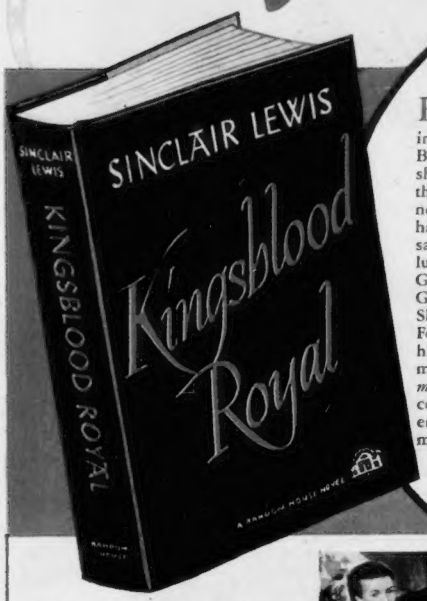
Quick **MENTHOLATUM**

● When broiling sun and drying winds parch your lips and leave them cracked and smarting and so painful it even hurts to smile, quick! call for Mentholatum, containing comforting Camphor and minty Menthol. These famous Mentholatum ingredients gently help soothe tender lip skin, quickly revive dried-out "thirsty" skin cells, help them retain needed moisture. Soon smarting pain leaves, your lips feel softer, smoother . . . you smile again. Get Mentholatum today.

ALSO RELIEVES SUMMER COLD MISERY, STUFFY NOSTRILS, SUNBURN

Both OF THESE NEW BEST-SELLERS for only $2.00

TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE LITERARY GUILD



WHY we make this astonishing offer—

HERE is the most remarkable offer we have ever made—to induce you to join the Literary Guild Book Club *now!* The two best-sellers shown here would cost $6.00 in the publishers' editions, but as a new member of the Guild you may have a copy of Sinclair Lewis' sensational "Kingsblood Royal" absolutely FREE as our Membership Gift to you—and you pay only the Guild price of $2.00 for Samuel Shellabarger's exciting "Prince of Foxes"! Thus you get TWO smash hits for $2.00—and as a new Guild member you will *continue to save money on the new books you buy,* receive valuable *bonus books* free, and enjoy the many other advantages membership offers. Read, below, how the Guild operates; then mail coupon for your two books!

SEND NO MONEY — JUST MAIL COUPON

Why Was this Beloved Family Suddenly Scorned, Hated, Mobbed?

Neil Kingsblood had everything a young man could want—a fine job in the bank, a lovely wife, and a darling, golden-haired daughter named Biddy. His charming suburban home was almost paid for. But when old Mr. Kingsblood told Neil that the family was descended from British kings, a strange thing took place. Instead of royalty, Neil made the shattering discovery that one of his ancestors was a full-blooded Negro! What happened when this tall, red-haired young man revealed his amazing secret—*that he was 1/32 Negro*—makes one of the most dramatic stories you will ever read! Was Neil's wife loyal? What did their friends say—and do? How did the Negroes in the town react? What would *you* have done?

Yes—"Kingsblood Royal," now being heatedly discussed pro and con all over the land, is one book you *mustn't* miss! Says the *Saturday Review:* "Will arouse fury, indignation, resentment, passion, and, above all, thought." The publisher's price of this sensational best-seller is $3.00, but you may have *your* copy absolutely FREE when you join the Literary Guild.

They Shared a Love Greater Than Their Passion for Each Other!

Tall, dashing young Andrea Orsini had grandly appropriated the name of a noble family to cheat his way to wealth, fame, and the arms of beautiful women! Using his brilliant mind only for trickery and intrigue, he fought and maneuvered for power through the gaudy, chaotic years of the Renaissance. Andrea seemed able to outbluff, outfight and outwit any man in the whole country—and when he desired, any woman!

As Andrea grew even bolder, he began to dream of ruling all his world. Then he met lovely little Camilla, wife of aged Lord Varano. And at the very moment when his greatest dream could easily have been realized, a powerful new love, greater than passion, possessed him! The fascinating things which happen in this entrancing new novel by the author of "Captain from Castile," makes this one of the most thrilling books ever published! Here is drama, suspense, romance, history—truly adventurous hours of reading for you! Publisher's price is $3.00, but you may have *your* copy of this smash hit for only $2.00 when you join the Literary Guild.

MAIL THIS COUPON

FREE: KINGSBLOOD ROYAL

and "Prince of Foxes" for only $2.00

Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers
Dept. 8AW, Garden City, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a Literary Guild Book Club subscriber and send me at once "Kingsblood Royal" as a gift. Also send me as my first selection "Prince of Foxes," for which you will bill me $2.00 plus postage.

With these books will come my first issue of the Brochure "Wings," telling about the forthcoming Guild selection which will be offered for $2.00 (plus shipping charge) to members only, regardless of the price of the publisher's edition. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish to purchase any Guild selection.

The purchase of Guild selections is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only four during the year—to fulfill my membership requirement. I am to receive a bonus book for every four Guild selections I purchase.

Mr.
Mrs. .....
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Price in Canada, $2.20, 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada

SAVE UP TO 50% ON OUTSTANDING NEW BOOKS

What the Guild Does for You

It costs nothing to join the Literary Guild Book Club — *the largest book club in the world.* There are no fees or membership dues of any kind.

Each month you will receive a copy of "Wings"—the attractive and readable book-review magazine which describes the forthcoming Guild selection.

From this description you decide whether or not you wish to receive the book selected. If *not,* you simply return the form provided for that purpose; otherwise, the new book will come to you automatically immediately upon publication. In this way you *will not miss reading* the new Club selections you want while they are *brand new.*

Free Bonus Books

To retain your membership in the Guild it is not necessary to accept a book each month—only *four* selections during the entire year. And you pay only $2.00 (plus postage and handling) for each instead of the publisher's retail price of $2.50 to $3.50.

In addition to these big savings, for each four Guild books you purchase you will receive, as a *free bonus,* a copy of one of the beautifully printed, handsomely bound "Collector's Library" volumes which sell at retail for $5.00 each—books you will be proud to place in your permanent home library.

Free Membership Gift Book

By joining the Guild now you *will no longer miss reading the NEW books you want* and you will save up to 50% of the retail price. You will receive "Wings" every month to keep you informed of the best new books of all publishers; and you will receive at once, without charge, your copy of Sinclair Lewis' "Kingsblood Royal."

Furthermore, as a new member you will receive a copy of Samuel Shellabarger's wonderful "Prince of Foxes" for only $2.00 instead of the publisher's price of $3.00—and this purchase will count towards the "Collector's Library" bonus books mentioned above.

Send No Money—Mail Coupon Now

In spite of greatly increased cost of book manufacture, by joining the Guild now your new membership can be accepted at once, and you will be guaranteed against any increase in price on Guild selections for a year. Send no money—but mail the coupon NOW.

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